

# HUBBARD'S MAGAZINE.

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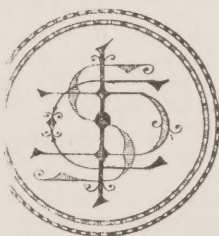
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# HUBBARD'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. VII.

MARCH, 1890.

No. 1.

## SUGAR CREEK STATION.

### I.

Sugar Creek—a creek, because every good-sized brook in Tennessee is so called, but why “sugar” no one knows—winds around through the pleasant meadows of Richburg valley, and then, taking a sudden turn springs right at the Richburg Hills, and cutting a deep ravine through them, goes roaring and boiling along past the granite cliffs towards the Tennessee River. Just at the deepest part of this ravine the rail-road straddles across it on long, slender wooden legs; and just before you reach the trestle you find the little Sugar Creek station, with its twenty feet of platform and its one room, perched upon the hillside. A stage line for the benefit of summer tourists, starts from this station, which is probably the chief reason for its existence. There is a telegraph office in the station, and from it a fine, slender wire runs to Judge Ry-lance's house on the hill, half a mile away.

You will not find the operator in his office now, at seven o'clock this autumn evening, but if you care to climb the hill to the Judge's house, you will find there a merry party of boys and girls, and among them Jack Lewis the operator.

“Well, Jack, my boy,” said the Judge, coming into the room; “how does it work?”

“Splendidly, sir,” Jack replied; “I have been sending messages to Nellie all the afternoon.”

“And only think, Uncle George,” broke in one of the girls, “I can read by sound, already, nearly everything he says.”

“Yes, nearly everything,” said Jack;

“I wired to her, ‘I will be there tonight,’ and she read it, ‘I will be very tight;’ but except a few mistakes like that she can read anything I send her.”

“Well, children,” said the Judge, laughing, “I hope you will enjoy your new amusement, though I am afraid Jack will give more time to his private wire than he does to his railroad business. But I wanted to tell you, Nellie, that I will have to leave you alone here tonight. I am going over to Squire Rutland's.”

“Oh, Uncle George! You have been away every night this week.”

“You don't feel afraid, do you?”

“Afraid? Oh, no; but it *is* just a trifle lonesome, with no one here but old Peter to amuse me.”

“I fear you are having a rather lonesome visit this time, but I see no help for it now. Jack, I should like to say just a word to you before I go.”

Jack followed him out of the room, and the way he was spoken to by the Judge showed that, although he was only about seventeen he was respected as a man by those who were older.

“Have you heard anything?” was the Judge's first question.

“Not a thing,” replied Jack. “He is evidently keeping very quiet; and this, to me, is a sign that something is likely to happen soon.”

“Undoubtedly. But I have a little news. One of Rutland's horses was stolen last night. Jim saw him being led out of the yard, and he fired a shot to frighten the man; he didn't dare aim at him for fear he would hit the horse. But



the man drew a revolver and fired three or four shots at the house and galloped off."

"That certainly sounds like Blinky's work."

"Yes, and it is probably more than a mere ordinary horse stealing. They want this horse for some of their work. And we all think that now is the time for us to take some decided action. The whole neighborhood for twenty miles around is aroused. This gang of robbers ought to be cleaned out; and in a very quiet way we have got ready for business. Ten of us, all mounted and armed, meet at Rutland's tonight. The sheriff, with twenty men, is at Richburg. All over the country tonight just such companies are meeting, and the best of it is that not more than a dozen or so of us know anything about it. Each man has simply received a request to happen around at a certain place at about eight o'clock, with his horse and a rifle. For all he knows he may be the only person there. In this way we have avoided any excitement, and prevented Blinky from getting wind of the affair. I have not mentioned this to you before for this reason."

"What a glorious scheme!" cried Jack; "he is bagged sure, this time. Have you any idea where he is now, or what place he is likely to strike next?"

"I really have no certain knowledge at all, but it seems probable that he is somewhere in these hills; and I have thought for some time that his next attack might be upon the Bellevue Hotel. He has gone through nearly all the smaller hotels and boarding houses, and it would be just like his audacity to attempt the Bellevue itself. If he did succeed there his booty would be immense as the house is simply full of millionaires from New York and Boston. However, he always turns up where you least expect him, and we shall try to be ready for him wherever he may appear.—But it is time for me to start.—I am sorry to leave Nellie alone but she seems to find plenty of amusement lately without my help. Can you stay a little longer?"

"About an hour; the express comes along at ten and I must be there to report it to the train despatcher, and I think I ought to be at home a little this evening; Mother would be lonesome without me."

"Very well; good night, Jack," said the Judge, and Jack noticed that he pressed his hand earnestly. It did not need the short rifle under his arm to show that he was a man who was taking his life in his hands.

The Judge galloped off followed by all the servants except old lame Peter, and the little group in the parlor, after watching the cavalcade till it disappeared, went back to their amusement. There were three girls there besides Nellie Ry-lance; Jack knew them all; he had grown up with them there; but Nellie, the visitor from Boston, was a new experience for him. She had been at her uncle's about three weeks, and in that time she and Jack had become fast friends. He had taught her what the ticking of his little machine meant and had just finished putting up a line from his office to their house; and in turn she had quite taken his fancy by her bright talk and lively ways. The Judge, her uncle, rather encouraged their friendship, for he had taken a strong liking to Jack. The boy was a bright lad and would have been away at school, but that his mother, a widow, could not bear his absence for a moment. So when the little station was built near their house, the Judge got Jack the appointment as master and telegraph operator, and there he stayed most of the time, with his books and his chemical laboratory.

When the other girls had all gone and Jack was about to take his leave, Nellie said:

"I know what Uncle George was talking to you about. It's that Blinky Bill. I should think it was about time you did something to catch that fellow."

"Well, they have been trying for some time, but he is a pretty hard chicken to catch and you have to look out that he doesn't catch you. I suppose this must seem like a pretty rough country to you sometimes."



"Oh, dear! Perhaps we Boston people can stand more excitement than you think. I think it is perfectly glorious. I may have to go to work and catch Blinky Bill myself, just to show you how."

"I wish you would," said Jack, "and tame him. But if he comes here tonight and you find him just a little unmanageable at first, just telegraph to me and I'll come up and help persuade him to be good."

## II.

Jack spent about an hour at his mother's and got to the station a few minutes after nine. He began to busy himself with his monthly report, to pass away the time till ten o'clock, occasionally stopping to exchange a word with Nellie over their private wire. He had placed this instrument in an out-of-the-way corner, not that there was anything secret about it, but that he did not care to have it attract casual attention. His duties were almost nominal. Four trains a day passed the little station without stopping. Two others would stop if some one wished to get off, or if Jack hung out a little red flag. During the summer season tourists would get on or off the train here occasionally, but one hour a day sufficed for Jack to do all his work in. It sometimes seemed a trifle dull to him alone in his little shanty, but lately he had two objects of great interest, Nellie Rylance, and Blinky Bill, a convict just out of prison, who had gathered around him a band of outlaws who were terrifying the country; robbing whole villages often, for their numbers gave them impunity, and they always escaped quickly into the mountains. This evening, however, Jack did not think much of this pleasant gentleman, for he was holding a particularly agreeable conversation over the wire with a young lady at Judge Rylance's. He was interrupted by a stranger appearing at the ticket window.

"Give me a ticket for Nashville, please," said the stranger, taking out his pocket-book.

"I can sell you a ticket," said Jack,

rising, "but you can't use it till tomorrow. This train does not stop here, you know."

"It doesn't?" repeated the stranger in a tone of disappointment; "I thought the trains all stopped here if you flagged them."

"No, only the accommodation."

"Well, I'm left, then; I suppose I must make the best of it. By the way, how do you flag the train when you want it to stop?"

"This way," said Jack, unsuspectingly, feeling rather sorry for the poor man who had missed a train. "You see I pull this string and it lets down a red flag out on the platform; it is in front of a lantern at night, so the engineer can see it."

"And wouldn't the express stop for that?"

"Oh yes, because I might have orders for them, but I would have no right to stop it for passengers."

He had hardly spoken when he was thrown violently to the floor upon his face, and before he could resist, his hands were tied behind him and he was jerked to his feet.

"Keep quiet now," said the stranger in a calm tone; "just go and sit down quietly in that chair and nothing will happen to you."

With one bound Jack was at the safe, the door of which he had carelessly left open. Throwing his weight against it he closed it and gave the knob a quick twirl.

The stranger yelled with rage, and raising him in his arms flung him violently upon the table.

"Lie still," he screamed, with a succession of oaths, "or I'll blow the top of your head off."

Then he gave a short whistle and instantly, it seemed, the room was filled with men. The stranger's hat had fallen off, and by his one eye Jack recognized him as Blinky Bill.

"Tie the little whelp up," he snapped out to one of his band, "or shoot him, if you want to—an inch at a time—curse him."



Then he went into the ticket office, and while Jack was being tied round and round with a rope so that he could not move a muscle, Blinky smashed open the money drawer with the butt of a rifle handed him by a companion, and came out with his hands full of small bills and silver. These he proceeded to put into a bag and stow away in his pocket, growling all the time because he could not get at the safe.

"Ain't yer going to divvy, Cap?" queried a thin, small member of the gang.

"No, Mr. Hank Williams, I'm not er goin' to divvy," he snarled. "You don't seem ter be satisfied with the management of this here show, Mr. Hank Williams; wouldn't yer like to try runnin' it yerself?" The little man made no answer and Blinky stepped up and dealt him a blow on the cheek. "If there's anything more you don't like about this, just speak of it Mr. Williams." Then noticing Jack, he cried: "Ain't that whelp dead yet? Gag him; a little choking will do him good."

Jack's handkerchief was stuffed in his mouth, causing him intolerable pain, and almost stopping his breathing. Blinky Bill went out into the waiting-room, and the rest of the gang disposed of themselves upon benches and chairs, one with a rifle guarding the telegraph instrument.

What could it mean? The money-drawer had been ransacked; no attempt was made upon the safe. What were they waiting for?

A window looked out upon the platform, and there hung a lantern *with a red flag before it*.

The night express!

Jack moved slightly and his manacled hand touched something hard beneath him.

It was a telegraph key.

### III.

"What can be the matter with Jack?" mused pretty Nellie Rylance. "I've been hammering this thing for ten minutes and he never says a word. I don't believe I'll wait any longer. If he doesn't want

to talk to me he needn't. Ah, here he comes. Now please say it slow, so I can understand it." And with a smile she bent her head over the machine.

Slowly, very slowly it ticked out the letters:

"B-l-i-n-k-y i-s h-e-r-e. D-e-p-o-t r-o-b-b-e-d, t-r-a-i-n f-l-a-g-g-e-d. I a-m t-i-e-d. H-e-l-p!"

In an instant Nellie comprehended. She tried to send back a word of encouragement, but the circuit was open and the key would not work.

A man would have hesitated; Nellie never paused. She flew to the kitchen where she was sure to find old Peter.

"Peter," she cried, "saddle Lady!"

"What, Miss Nellie?" said the old man.

"Saddle Lady; do please, Peter; I can't stop to tell you about it now, but I must have Lady saddled quick."

"Oh, no, Miss Nellie; it's a bad night to ride; there's no moon, and Lady is feeling too well tonight; she's not been out for two days."

"Peter," cried Nellie, dropping on her knees and taking his hands in hers; "Blinky Bill is down at the station; they are murdering Jack and they are going to rob the train. I must have Lady to ride to Squire Rutland's, where Uncle George and the men are.—Peter, if you don't saddle Lady, *I will!*"

Out in the stable is Lady, the magnificent grey that Nellie loved to ride. Somehow, she never knew just how, Nellie found herself on her back, with old Peter at Lady's head.

"Look out now, Miss; be careful," began the old servant, as he let go the bridle, but his words were lost in a thunder of hoofs as the mare burst out into her welcome liberty.

Nellie had never ridden much and she had always been a little afraid of Lady, even when she was attended. But tonight she felt only the longing to cover the five miles between herself and Squire Rutland's in as short a time as possible.

"Go on, Lady, go on," she said in a low tone in the animal's ear. The mare seemed to feel that this was something



more than mere play, and as Nellie settled herself firmly in her seat she felt the steady play of the mighty sinews in the noble beast beneath her. Below, in the distance, glowed a dull red light. Above, the road lost itself in the blackness of the wooded hills. Nellie shuddered, but urged her horse on.

Scrambling through brooks and thickets, panting up steep slopes—what if the girth should break? “Go on, Lady, go on!”

Suddenly Lady reared and a voice called out “Stop!” Nellie finally distinguished a man on horseback in the road, and when Lady became quiet he laid his hand on her bridle. He also had a revolver levelled at her, but Nellie did not notice it.

“Let me go, sir!” she cried.

“Jewhullikins, it's a gal!” he exclaimed, lowering his pistol. “But yer can't pass here tonight, Miss.” He tried to turn her horse around as he spoke, but Lady kept backing.

Was it by accident that Nellie's whip descended upon the grey's flank? With a scream the mare bounded from the punishment she had never felt before, and tore down the road like the wind. Nellie had to cling for dear life and she could barely pull up when, a few minutes later, the lights of Squire Rutland's flashed into view.

The company there were anxiously awaiting an alarm, and therefore when the sound of hard riding came from up on the hill everyone was on his feet and the door was open. But none of them expected to see a girl of sixteen burst into the room, a whip in her hand, her face pale and her hair flying.

“Sugar Creek Station,” she panted; “Blinky Bill is there robbing the train?” Then she staggered and dropped to the floor.

#### IV.

So quietly did Judge Rylance and his party come up under cover of the panting of the engine, that the little station was surrounded before the robbers knew of their approach. The passengers (those

who had not crawled into wood-boxes or under seats) were bound and “relieved” of their valuables; the man who had been guarding the engine had just stepped off and told the engineer to proceed, when the light from a bull's-eye was flashed into the rear door of the little telegraph office, shining full upon the bandit chief who was just preparing to leave the place.

“Blinky Bill, throw up your hands!” cried Judge Rylance. “The game is up; you are our prisoner.”

Bill stood irresolute for a moment and then suddenly turned and caught up Jack, still bound and helpless, in his arms.

“Not yet,” he yelled, in a fiendish voice, pressing his revolver against Jack's head. “Stand aside and let me out, or I fire!”

The pursuers all lowered their guns, and Blinky Bill started forward, carrying Jack in his arms.

“No you don't,” said a voice at his side. “Bill Emmons, I *have* something more to say about this, and this is how I'll say it.” There was a flash and a report, and Blinky Bill threw up his arms, his pistol exploding as he did so, and fell to the floor.

“Yes, Bill Emmons,” hissed the little man, bending over him; “you took all the money and I didn't say nothin'; and you slapped my face, and I didn't do nothin'; but you don't sneak out and leave us in the lurch. Bill Emmons, I'm even with you!” Blinky Bill ground his teeth and died with a curse on his lips.

\* \* \* \* \*

“It was well done,” said Judge Rylance, “and we owe it to Nellie and Jack.”

“To the horse, not to me,” said Nellie.

“To the telegraph, not to me,” said Jack.

“We owe it,” said the Judge, laughing, “to Lady and Lightning.”

WALTER STANLEY.

#### What Autographs Sell For.

During the years 1776 and 1777 there were no more stirring events than those which finally led to the surrender of the haughty General Burgoyne, at Saratoga.



The eyes of the Continental Congress and all the people watched with interest the one-sided campaign conducted by a few patriots on one hand and the strongest men of the British army on the other. But the fine uniforms of the King in the end proved no match for the homespun of the Continentals, and the leader of his forces was finally compelled to lay down his arms and ask terms of the rebellious subjects.

While we always associate with this Northern campaign the names of Stark, Gates and Wayne, there was no man who did more to make Burgoyne surrender than Maj. Gen. Philip Schuyler of Albany.

An ardent patriot, he was early commissioned by the Continental Congress, and was often a leader in the councils of war held among the various military men of the day.

His portrait shows us a tall, slender man with an exceedingly good-natured face; the conventional wig gives him a royal appearance, the sword and high boots assuring us of his martial tastes.

That General Schuyler was often looked to for advice, and that his acquaintance embraced nearly all the prominent men of the American army, has lately been made apparent by a sale of autographs in Boston.

While writing the history of the Revolutionary War, a distinguished historian had access to the private papers of the general and selected for use a large number of most valuable letters.

The history having been completed, these precious papers have all recently been sold, the writer having attended the auction and had the privilege of examining the entire lot.

It will no doubt be interesting to many to know what price such a rare collection of fine autographs brought, and appended is a description of a few of the principal lots and the figures realized.

A beautiful letter of Ethan Allen, three pages folio, April 6 1775, concerning his mission to Canada, brought \$45, and a deed simply signed by himself and brother Ira went for \$21; a fine two page

letter of Wm. Delaplace, who commanded Ticonderoga, when Ethan Allen caught him asleep, went for \$36. This letter was written from prison, giving a list of the things he left behind at the Fort, and is excessively rare. Three superb letters of Benedict Arnold to Gen. Schuyler, one of them five pages quarto, realized \$32.50, \$32.50 and \$47.50, and a letter signed after his treason, \$15. A letter signed by Joseph Brant, the famous Indian warrior, was knocked down at \$25.

One of the gems of the entire sale was a beautiful letter of General Burgoyne to General Heath impertinently refusing favors from his captors. This was sold for \$35, a low figure. Three letters signed by Lord Cornwallis, went for \$12.50, \$9, and \$11. A letter simply signed by Brig. Gen. Roche De Fermoy, one of the very rare names in the set of Revolutionary Generals, commanded \$74, and a similar letter signed by Baron De Waadtke, who is the rarest of all the eighty odd Brigadier-Generals whom Congress commissioned, went up to \$155, being purchased probably for the great collection of Dr. Emmet, in New York. Two choice letters of Gen. Nath. Green brought \$20 each, and one of Gen. Gates \$16. A good letter of Pres. Wm. Henry Harrison, for \$13 was a high price. A letter signed by Gen. Nicholas Herkimer, who was killed at Oriskany, brought \$25, and the buyer seemed pleased that he was not obliged to pay \$50. A letter of Thos. Jefferson went up to the unusual price of \$15, and another to \$11. A magnificent letter in English from Gen. Lafayette to Jefferson, four pages, quarto, 1781, covering the movements of the British in Virginia, was sold for \$25, while two others commanded each \$20, and another \$17. One of the priceless gems of the sale was a full autograph letter of Gen. Ebenezer Learned, of Mass., to Gen. Schuyler. It is very rarely that his name is found even signed to a paper, but this was a complete letter. The neat sum of \$85 was paid that it might go into a New York collection. Closely following it was an autograph letter of six full pages,



written by the famous Gen. Richard Montgomery, from Quebec, six days before he was killed, giving a complete account of his expedition and expressing his determination to take the town before returning home. For this \$65 was paid.

The name of Israel Putnam at the end of a letter was sufficient to sell it for \$23, while three letters of Gen. Schuyler himself, brought \$23, \$22, and \$14. A neat little autograph letter of Geo. Washington netted \$44, another \$51, and a letter simply signed, but of four folio pages, written while on the march to Yorktown, brought \$42. A letter of "Mad Anthony" Wayne was sold for \$20.

It will be seen, then, by these prices, that Revolutionary names are held at a high premium, and the prices given are, as a rule, higher than ever known before. The greatest jumps in prices, though, have been on the Signers of the Declaration of Independence. Of late, so many have begun the well nigh impossible task of securing the names of these venerable patriots, that every scrap of paper bearing their names is held for its weight in gold. As an example, look over these few prices realized at this sale. To be sure, the specimens were very fine and the much sought for date of 1776, was on several, making the prices much higher, but even then the figures have never been reached before. A three page folio letter of Samuel Chase, 1779, \$23; a two page quarto letter of Wm. Floyd, bearing the date of Jan. 29, 1776, was knocked down at \$67.50; and a superb letter of Benj. Franklin, May 29, 1776, brought \$57.50. A short letter of Benj. Harrison, great-grandfather of our President, sold for \$31, and a letter of Francis Lewis, of New York, dated Jan. 1776, brought the same figure. A badly stained letter of Lewis Norris, dated July, 1775, touched \$55 and would have gone much higher, but for its condition. A very fine letter of Robert Treat Paine, two pages, Jan., 1776, soared up to \$68, and a shorter one but dated 1784, \$38. A short letter of Geogre Read, a very rare name, went for \$47.50, and a two page folio letter of Ed-

ward Rutledge, July, 1775, went for the high price of \$72.50. The great sensation of the sale came at the very last, however. A four page quarto letter of Signer Oliver Wolcott, written in March, 1776, and of the greatest interest, went to a New Yorker for the sum of \$100.00; an equally good letter sold in 1883 for \$26.

If any one intends to start a collection of the Signers, the above may serve to encourage him.

The sale was of much interest and the prices realized must have been highly satisfactory. HOWARD K. SANDERSON.

### A Live Ghost.

Last year a noble looking man called at our house and requested that he be furnished board and quarters for a certain length of time.

After he had resided there some weeks his brother died, who lived in Springfield, and who on his death-bed particularly desired to be interred in the family vault at Nonotuck. The gentleman requested the landlord to permit him to bring the corpse of his brother to his lodgings, and to make arrangements there for the funeral.

The landlord signified his compliance without hesitation.

The body, dressed in a white shroud, was accordingly brought in a very handsome coffin, and placed in the dining-room. The funeral was to take place the next day, and the lodger and his servants went out to make the arrangements for the solemnity. He stayed out late, but this was no uncommon thing.

The landlord and his family conceiving that they had no occasion to wait for him, retired to bed as usual about ten o'clock.

One maid servant was left up to let him in, and to boil some water which he had desired might be ready for making tea on his return. The girl was accordingly sitting all alone in the kitchen, when a tall, spectre looking figure entered and sat down in a chair opposite her. The maid was not the most timid of her sex, but she was terrified beyond ex-



pression, lonely as she was, at this unexpected apparition.

Uttering a loud scream, she flew out the side door and hurried to the chamber of her master and mistress.

Scarcely had she wakened them, and communicated to them some portion of the fright with which she was herself overwhelmed, when the spectre enveloped in a shroud, and with a face of death-like paleness, made its appearance and sat down in a chair in the bed-room without their observing how it entered.

The worst of all was that this chair stood by the door of the bed chamber, so that not a creature could get away without passing close to the apparition, which rolled its glaring eyes so frightfully, and so hideously distorted its features, that they could not bear to look at it.

The landlord and his wife crept under the bed clothes, covered with profuse perspiration, while the maid sank insensible by the side of the bed.

At the same time the whole house seemed to be in an uproar, for though they had covered themselves over head and ears, they could still hear the incessant noise and clatter which seemed to increase their terror.

At length all became still in the house. The landlord ventured to raise his head and to steal a glance at the chair by the door, but behold, the ghost was gone!

Sober reason began to resume its power. The girl was revived after a deal of shaking, and after a while they plucked up courage to search the house, which they expected to find in great disorder.

The house had been robbed, and the leader was the ghost who had acted as a sentinel at the door of the chamber.

The rogue had whitened his face and hands with chalk and counterfeited death.

About midnight he left his coffin and appeared to the maid, and when she ran up stairs he followed her and seated himself so as to command the exit of the chamber, while his accomplices plundered the house without molestation.

He was afterwards caught in New

York, charged with forgery, convicted, and sent to Sing Sing for a long term.

DANIEL DE BURGO.

### Canadian Stamps.

From returns just brought before the Dominion Parliament, it is shown the number of stamps ordered from the British American Bank Note Company during the past two years, for use in Canada. The following table shows the comparative scarcity of the different values, and it also shows that the 15 cent denomination was not printed last year:

Value.	1888.	1889.
1-2c	550,000	500,000
1c	35,725,000	43,350,000
2c	2,800,000	3,850,000
3c	56,850,000	64,925,000
5c	2,400,000	2,375,000
6c	1,000,000	1,100,000
10c	250,000	200,000
15c	100,000	Nil.

These stamps cost the Government 20 cents per thousand to manufacture all around, the registration stamps costing 40 cents per thousand. In 1888 there were 2,862,500 two cent and 300,000 five cent registry stamps issued while in 1889 there were 2,462,500 of the 2 cent value, and 662,500 of the 5 cent issued. The decrease in the 2 cent and great rise in the number of 5 cent for 1889 is due to the fact that the rate was changed early in the year from 2 cents to 5 cents. There is now no 2 cent registry fee, but the stamps are still used for combination purposes, as it requires 7 cents to register a letter to New South Wales, New Zealand, Tasmania, Victoria and Queensland, via Brindisi. To China by the same route the fee is 7c., as well as for Natal and St. Helena. Of course the fee can be in ordinary stamps. It costs 6c. to register a letter to the Cape of Good Hope.

The following is the number of cards, envelopes, etc., issued:—

	1888.	1889.
1c post cards,	16,414,000	18,130,000
2c " "	49,000	61,000
Reply cards,	90,000	90,500
Bands or Wrappers,	500,000	506,500
1c envelopes,	160,000	160,000
3c " No. 1 size,	110,000	109,500
3c " No. 2 size,	110,000	90,000
3c " No. 2 (extra)		50,000

It will be seen that a special No. 2 has been issued during the past year with the same stamp or impres-



sion, but costs \$3.50 per thousand, while the others cost but \$3.00 per thousand. The post bands cost \$2.00, reply cards, \$3.25, 2c cards, \$3.50 and 1c cards \$1.25 per thousand, to manufacture. In connection with envelopes allow me to say that the 3c. red envelope also appeared in a bright carmine on the special issue. No officially sealed stamps have been printed during the last four years, and they are becoming very rare, the department using them very rarely. The 12 1-2c. stamps have been on the schedule but none were printed for three years. 1c. envelopes are not sold for one cent each but for 2 cents, or 3cts, for two, 13 cents for ten, or \$1.30 per one hundred. The 3c. cost \$3.30 and \$3.35 per hundred, for No. 1 and No. 2 respectively.

CANADENSIS.

#### Agreement and Disagreement.

In perusing the article in the February number of the "Philatelic Journal of America" entitled "Suggestions as to the Arrangement of a Collection," I think Mr. Knight has made some rather hasty statements. Let me here insert one from the "Philatelic Journal of America." "Here let me say that in the small stamp papers, (from 4 to 16 pages) I have very seldom found anything to repay one for reading them." Now, I have taken the "Stamp World" and the "Philatelic Gazette" for only a short time, and yet I have always found it to repay me for reading them. How many pages have they? Why, they never had more than twelve pages of reading matter in any one issue. There are some articles in them which deserve special mention. "Applied Science" by Dr. William H. Mitchell, in the August number of the "Philatelic Gazette" was worthy of any collector's perusal, and so was "A Study in U. S. Envelopes," by E. E. Kendig, and "A few Comparisons," by P. M. Wolsieffer. "Bechuanaland Posts" by Canadensis, in the January number of the "Stamp World" is brimfull of information for Philatelists.

By the way, the journal in which Mr.

Knight's article appears contains only eleven pages of reading matter! I would here remark that the "Philatelic Journal" is decreasing in thickness rather rapidly.

With reference to surcharged stamps I disagree with Mr. Knight, if he *means* that surcharged stamps do not, or ought not to belong to a collection proper. If surcharged stamps be not consolidated with the collection proper, why then you have to leave out many issues of countries to which they belong. For example:

The issues of 1867 and 1879 of the Straits Settlements are all surcharged stamps. Regarding the color of stamps, I think that when a stamp appears in a different shade from the former issue it should be collected along with the collection proper, unless proven to be an error.

I agree with Mr. Knight that all Fiscals should be excluded from collections. And why not eject registered stamps along with them? Yes, here is a question which I would like some Philatelist to answer. Why are registered stamps considered as forming a part of a *postage stamp* collection? I think Mr. Knight could have added a few more "suggestions." For instance. Every Philatelist should equip himself with a Color Chart in order that he may arrange his collection properly.

Also adhesives should never be interspersed with envelopes, but that envelope stamps be always inserted in a separate place by themselves.

L. C. PARKER.

#### Chicago Philatelic Society Notes.

The resignation of our respected General Secretary, P. M. Wolsieffer, which was read at the meeting of February 20th, was a great surprise to the Chicago Philatelists. Mr. Wolsieffer by no means intends to retire from the "field of glory," but resigned the position of Secretary only upon the advice of his physicians who informed him that it was absolutely necessary he should reduce the amount of his night work if he wished to retain his health. The Chicago Philatelic



Society immediately tendered a vote of thanks to Mr. Wolsieffer for the very efficient manner in which he has conducted the affairs of the Society during his long term of office.

Philatelists who chance to be in Chicago on the first or third Thursdays of a month, whether passive members or not, are cordially invited to attend our meetings and become acquainted with our active members. Meetings are called to order at 8 P. M., at the Grand Pacific Hotel.

Collectors all over the continent have so long thought and spoken of Mr. Wolsieffer as the Secretary of the Chicago Philatelic Society, they will no doubt find it difficult to think of him apart from that office. Yet Mr. Wolsieffer has resigned his office and I have unexpectedly been elected to fill his unexpired term. Succeeding a man of such well-known capacity, will, I greatly fear, cause my humble abilities to sink out of sight. However, I hope that C. P. S. members will not compare me too much with my predecessor, and sincerely trust they will not find me altogether wanting.

JNO. N. ALLEN.

#### A Few Comments.

At last the Chalmers-Hill committee has been appointed and Ithuriel notes with surprise that Messrs. Bradt and Wolsieffer are on it. Both of these gentlemen declined to serve when first called on, but no doubt the persuasive manner of President Tiffany induced them to accept. Now then, who is going to be the fifth impartial man to help accomplish nothing?

The prospectus of the London Philatelic Exhibition has been received on this side. The show is to open May 19th. It is proposed to give the surplus if any, to a charity in connection with the Post Office. Would it not be better to hold it as a reserve fund and prosecute forgers and counterfeiters which are so plentiful on the other side? As they do not guarantee security, or responsibility in case of loss, it is not likely that many foreigners will run the risk of sending valuable material

for exhibition. The rules and regulations are too arbitrary and the classing of stamps very vague.

The "Stamp Collectors' Journal," published at Bury, S. Edmunds, England, gives another slap at American stamp journals, societies and collectors. Among other assertions the editor remarks: "There never is, in the majority of stamp journals an *original memoir* which would increase our knowledge of stamps, and what are professedly original articles are very general in their scope. Apparently this arises from the fact that there are but few really good collections in America, and the great majority of American collectors simply collect according to some dealer's catalogue, or are content with filling the spaces in their printed albums. Naturally, such collectors cannot add to our knowledge of stamps." The narrow mind of the editor is thus painfully apparent and he is invited to come over and pay us a visit.

Chicago, the city by the lake, has carried off the World's Fair prize and it is now the duty of every philatelist to get ready for 1892 and help make the finest exhibit of stamps ever made. Over-confident New York was lost in the shuffle. Poor St. Louis did not have a ghost of a show and Washington was not in it. The Chicago boys will now have a chance to show what they are made of. They had one convention (the second), and did it up brown, too, but this will be something extraordinary and they will have to get down to work. Ithuriel suggests that the 1891 convention of the American Philatelic Association be held at a half way point, say Buffalo or Niagara Falls and the 1892 convention at Chicago.

The Secretary of the Chicago Philatelic Society rather takes the wind out of the sails of the ex-Secretary of the late Chalmers Society. It appears that the Chalmers was not merged into the Chicago at all, and that the Chicago Society is not responsible for the indebtedness of the Chalmers Society. Why is there so much misrepresentation in our ranks? It is an evil that seems to be growing and



will do harm to any pursuit or association.

It is surprising that publisher Massoth of the "Hoosier Figaro" will allow such stuff in his columns as is contributed by Voute, who is getting to be a very slanderous writer. Voute's mouthings in the January number is a disgrace to any paper. Ithuriel has taken the trouble to ascertain from headquarters what standing Voute had among the philatelists of Chicago, and is surprised to learn that he is not a collector or a member of the local society, and that no one pays any attention to him. Yet he is allowed by a publisher to say things of which he knows nothing and to vilify reputable men and firms. Come, come, Massoth, cut this young failure off your list of contributors and make your paper respectable.

So Corwin did not get to be the resident Vice-President after all. Well, there is yet time to lay more wires for the Presidency of the American Philatelic Association.

ITHURIEL.

#### Bogert's Auction Sale of Stamps.

Following are a few of the prices received for stamps at Bogert's eighteenth sale, held in New York, February 10, 1890.

##### UNITED STATES.

U. S. Envelope, 1855, 10 cent green on white,	\$6.50
U. S. Mail, 1 cent red, used,	5.25
" 1 cent buff, used,	4.75
New York 5 cent black, used,	2.75
Providence, unsevered pair 5c and 10c unused,	18.50
1860, 90 cent, used,	2.50
1861, 5 cent yellow-brown, used,	2.75
Periodical, 1865, 5 cent blue, blue border,	3.55
Executive department, set complete, unused,	8.25
Navy, set complete, unused,	4.73
State department, 1-90 cent, unused,	3.30
Envelope, 1860, 4 cent on white, unused,	6.50
" 1861, 24 cent, unused,	1.75
Mobile, 2 cent black, unused,	16.25
Memphis, 5 cent red, used,	3.50
Athens, Ga., 5 cent mauve, used,	11.25
Nashville, 5 cent brown, used,	3.00
" 5 cent red, used,	3.50
Petersburg, 5 cent red, used, on original letter,	6.00

##### FOREIGN.

Bolivia, 1857, 10 cent brown, used,	4.65
British Guiana, 1856, 4 cent magenta, used,	20.25
India, 1866, service, 2a black and purple	5.25
Mauritius, 1862, 1s, (Britannia Seated,)	3.40
Mexico, 1867, 1-21l. gray on bluish,	4.10
" " 1rl. blue on bluish,	4.25
New South Wales, 1850, unsevered pair 1d.	8.50
A single specimen of the above,	4.60
Nova Scotia, 1s. violet, used,	21.50
Switzerland, Geneva, left half of 10c stamp,	4.75
Tolima, 1870, 10 on white, unused,	3.60
Wurtemberg, 1862 envelope cut square, large inscription, 6k blue, used,	1.15
Victoria, a nearly complete collection of entire envelopes, all different, unused	4.34

#### A Letter From Pearson Hill.

6 Pembridge Square, LONDON, W.

7th. February, 1890.

John M. Hubbard.

Dear Sir:

I duly received your letter of 27th Dec., and the "preface" published by Mr. P. Chalmers of his new Book of Non-sense entitled "How James Chalmers Saved the Penny Postage Scheme." The pamphlet itself I have not seen, as I never trouble myself to read his mere repetition of misstatements long ago shown to be untrue, and if he wrote pamphlets till Doomsday, he could never alter the simple fact that Rowland Hill, on the 13th of February, 1837, in his published evidence proposed the use of adhesive postage stamps, while James Chalmers himself gives the latter end of that year as the date when he first made his plan public.

I have, however, looked through the paper you were good enough to send, and though Chalmers is a man wholly undeserving of notice, yet as you and other friends in America may wish to be placed in possession of the real facts of the case. I will show you the worthless character of his present effusion.

He begins with his usual distortion of facts, with which he attempts to deceive even his own supporters. He says that "after the passing of the Penny Postage Bill, in August, 1839, Mr. Rowland Hill was appointed to a position in the Treasury, for the purpose of superintending the carrying out of the scheme which he had introduced, but for the working of which, in practice, he had failed to propose any practicable plan." The Lords of H. M. Treasury consequently applied to the public for plans and suggestions for that purpose, by Treasury minute, of date 23 August."

Now the Penny Postage Bill, as I may remind you, was not passed till the 17th August, the Treasury letter was issued six days later, i. e. on the 23rd August, while Rowland Hill (as any one will see who refers to his "Life" Vol. I, p. 369) was not appointed to the Treasury 4



the 14th September following. The mere mention of these dates proves the dishonesty of Chalmers' attempt to make it appear that Rowland Hill—a born administrator—had been tried and found incapable of carrying out his plan, and that the Treasury had *consequently* been obliged to invite suggestions from the public. Now as Mr. P. Chalmers, as his pamphlets prove, has read the "Life of Sir Rowland Hill," this distortion of facts cannot be due to ignorance.

He then goes on to say that James Chalmers, who had proposed the adhesive stamps in December 1837, and again in Feb. 1838, then for the third time sent in his plans and thereby saved the Penny Postage scheme from collapse. One is glad to see that for once Mr. Patrick Chalmers gives the true dates of his father's proposals, but in refutation of the claim that James Chalmers was the first to propose these stamps, I again, for perhaps the twentieth time, point to the following facts, supported not merely by my testimony, but by the absolute proof afforded by the Parliamentary Reports and other published documents, copies of which I have long ago placed in the hands of Mr. Tiffany, the President of the American Philatelic Association.

First. On the 13th. February, 1837, Mr. Rowland Hill in his evidence before the Commissioners of Post Office Inquiry proposed the use of adhesive as well as other kinds of postage stamps. (See Ninth Report, page 33.)

Secondly. On the 22nd Feb, 1837, in his pamphlet on Post Office Reform, he again published his suggestion of adhesive postage stamps.—(See p. 45.)

Thirdly. On 7th July, 1837, the Commissioners of Post Office Inquiry, at page 8 of their Ninth Report advise the trial of Mr. Rowland Hill's plan in the London District, and commenced the use amongst other things of adhesive postage stamps.

All these publications of Mr. Rowland Hill's suggestions of such stamps being several months earlier than the date (December, 1837) at which Mr. P. Chalmers now admits his father first submitted his proposal.

Now as priority of publication is the only point to which Scientific Societies or educated people attach any value in deciding rival claims to inventions, the above facts absolutely dispose of the Chalmers claim; while with reference to Mr. P. Chalmers' more recent craze, viz. his assertion—over and over again shown to be false, but constantly repeated—that up to 5th July, 1839, the use of adhesive postage stamps formed no part of Mr. Rowland Hill's plan of postal reform, its worthless character is further shown by the following additional facts.

On the 7th Feb., 1838, in his first evidence before the Parliamentary Committee on Postage, Mr. Rowland Hill again urges the use of adhesive postage stamps, in the following words:

"\* \* \* I propose that small pieces of paper of about the size of a half-penny bearing the stamp only, shall be sold; that they shall be prepared with gum, or other glutinous wash, at the back, so the messenger would be enabled to apply one of these to a letter by merely wetting it, as paper seals are now applied occasionally outside a letter." (See his reply to Question No. 129.)

And finally when it was known that the Penny Postage was to be adopted, even before the Bill was passed, Mr. Rowland Hill on 13th June 1839 drew up an elaborate paper on "The Collection of Postage by means of Stamps," in which he again pressed for the adoption of adhesive as well as other kinds of postage stamps; even going into such detail as advising that the penny adhesives should be printed in 20 rows, each row containing 12 stamps, so that a stamp should be sold for a penny, a row for a shilling, and a sheet for a pound, just as they are even to this day. This paper, which Mr. Tiffany has seen, I shall be happy to send you for publication if you desire it.

It is obvious, therefore, that even if the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in his speech of 5th July 1839, when he spoke of Mr. Rowland Hill's plan as requiring the use of a "stamped cover" in all cases, had intended, as Mr. P. Chalmers asserts, to



imply that the use of adhesive labels had not been proposed by him (Mr. R. Hill) the above facts would simply show that the Chancellor of the Exchequer was in error; but the real explanation of this matter—one which has been persistently misrepresented by Mr. P. Chalmers—is that the Chancellor of the Exchequer, as the debate clearly shows, was dealing with several points of the question, and was speaking not merely against the idea that the Government had any intention of granting a monopoly to Mr. Dickenson, *but also against depriving the public of the right of sending letters unpaid*, and his objection to that part of Mr. Rowland Hill's plan, which he described as required the use in all cases of a "stamped cover" had nothing whatever to do with covers versus adhesive stamps (for a cover bearing an adhesive stamp is a "stamped cover" to all intents and purposes) but meant simply that he objected to compulsory prepayment and was defending the Government from departing from Mr. Hill's plan in that respect.

Mr. P. Chalmers seems to rely greatly upon the fact that I have hitherto "ignored" this debate in Parliament which he pretends is so important, and appears to claim that any statement of his which I do disprove must be taken as true! When a man has been so frequently convicted of deliberate misrepresentation as Mr. P. Chalmers, people usually place a different estimate upon anything he says.

It may be useful, once for all, to notice the charge he frequently makes against Mr. Rowland Hill of having dishonestly removed papers from the Treasury, to conceal the facts connected with the origin of postage stamps. I would remark in passing, that he terms my exposure of his false dates, false quotations, distortions of facts, etc., as "ungentlemanly abuse." but he apparently considers that for him to commit these acts, and for him to accuse a dead man of every kind of petty and contemptible dishonesty, without the shadow of an excuse for so doing, is perfect good manners on his part. Perhaps we shall next have a

rogue when he is apprehended, accuse the police of "ungentlemanly abuse" when they mention before the Judge the crimes with which he is charged.

As regards the correspondence and other papers in my possession, it is sufficient to say that almost every one occupying a staff appointment in the Government service—such as that held by Mr. Rowland Hill at the Treasury—has a great deal of private correspondence on official matters, in addition to the papers which are purely official, a correspondence that never enters into the official records, but is dealt with in his own private Register and Letter book. Such papers are always considered the property of such an office, and if Mr. Rowland Hill had not taken them away, they would have been consigned to the official waste paper basket the day after he had left.

Any one who refers to the paper I read before the London Philatelic Society, in November, 1881, will see that I speak of Mr. James Chalmers forwarding to Mr. Rowland Hill on the 1st. October, 1839, "a printed description of his suggestions addressed to the Lords of the Treasury, *sent in the day before*," that is to say a *copy* of the official document; and I may add that all the papers sent to Mr. R. Hill by Mr. James Chalmers (except, of course, the private letters enclosing them,) are printed documents which he had issued. The original papers sent into the Treasury have doubtless been destroyed years ago by that Department, to make room, as usual, for more recent and more important documents, and it is owing to the fact that Mr. Rowland Hill fortunately retained his copies of these papers, that any record exists of what Mr. James Chalmers really suggested. I have no doubt whatever, that had these papers supported in any way the Chalmers claims, copies would long ago have been discovered at Dundee.

It may also be useful to say a word or two about the Treasury Circular issued on 23 August, 1839, inviting suggestions from the public, which Mr. P. Chalmers pretends was sent out because the Gov-



ernment did not know how to carry out Mr. Rowland Hill's plan of Penny Postage, and which Circular he asserts, led to Jas. Chalmers coming to the rescue—not by the suggestion of anything new—but by resuscitating a suggestion which Mr. Rowland Hill had himself made more than two years and a half previously; viz. the employment of adhesive postage stamps. Now the Treasury Circular, as I pointed out in my paper read before the London Philatelic Society, in Nov. 1881, mentioned “stamped covers, stamped paper and stamps to be used separately [i. e. adhesive postage stamps] a suggestion already received,” so it is obvious that whatever difficulty Mr. P. Chalmers supposes the Treasury to have been in, it could not have been one which a repetition of the suggestions for employing adhesive labels could in any way have removed.

To decide, as the Treasury had already done, that postage stamps, adhesive and non-adhesive, should be employed was one thing, but to determine what was the best method of manufacturing them at the least cost and with the least risk of forgery and other frauds, was another matter altogether—one upon which Government departments are never expected to possess the necessary technical knowledge—and it was for suggestions upon this latter point that the Treasury mainly addressed itself to the public. I say “mainly” because if I remember rightly there was a general invitation for any sort of suggestion in reference to the proposed reform that anyone chose to submit, but as it turned out, no better suggestions on those points than those long before submitted by Mr. Rowland Hill in his pamphlet, evidence etc., were received.

As regards Mr. James Chalmers' suggestions sent in 1839, they were of course useless as regards the first point (i. e. that adhesive stamps should be employed) seeing that the Treasury had already decided upon their adoption; while as regards the second point—facility of manufacture and security against fraud—they were absolutely worthless, as nothing could have

been easier to forge than the mere type-printed stamps he submitted. This difficulty I may add was finally overcome mainly by the employment of Perkins' beautiful machinery—an American invention by the way—for producing the stamps in exact fac simile.

But the Chalmers' claim is yet more nonsensical than the above facts, taken by themselves would prove it to be, for even if there had been any truth in the assertion that up to August 1839 the Treasury had not determined to employ adhesive postage stamps, and that the suggestions then sent in for such stamps saved the Penny Postage system from collapse, it must be borne in mind that besides Mr. James Chalmers there were forty eight other individuals who sent in suggestions for adhesive stamps in reply to the Treasury Circular. If, therefore, Mr. Patrick Chalmers really believes that a bare suggestion submitted in 1839 that adhesive stamps should be used was so all-important, his last pamphlet should properly have been entitled “How James Chalmers and forty eight other Glorious Individuals saved the Penny Postal from collapse,” but, though he has known this fact for more than 8 years, we hear nothing from him of the merits of the 48 other good men and true.

But the amazing impudence of the Chalmers' claim (honestly abandoned you will remember by James Chalmers himself) is made manifest when we look a little more closely into the case; for, as pointed out in my paper of Nov. 1881, these 49 suggestions were ultimately divided into two classes, viz. 19 which contained some points worthy of consideration and 30 which were pronounced useless, and it is amongst this latter class that Mr. James Chalmers' suggestions are included; so that the whole merit—whatever it may be—which at least ought to have been fairly divided amongst 49 individuals, is actually claimed exclusively for one whose suggestions were so useless that they never even deserved a second thought! Little wonder



that to support a claim so preposterous Mr. Patrick Chalmers has found it necessary to resort to false dates, false quotations and false statements, but great wonder that any persons could be found so credulous as to be taken in by such a bare-faced imposture, when once their attention had been called to the real facts of the case.

With every apology for a long letter, believe me, Yours Faithfully,

PEARSON HILL.

P. S. There have been many most pleasing notices of Sir Rowland Hill's services, in the Newspapers, with reference to the Jubilee of Penny Postage, and I send you by this post a copy of "Punch" for 18th of January which contains a very nice poem on the subject. If any evidence were necessary of the little effect which Mr. Patrick Chalmers' statements produce in this country, it would be amply furnished by the fact that, even after nine years persistent mis-statements on his part and the widest possible circulation of his pamphlets, not a single London newspaper of any standing, in its notices of the Jubilee of Postal Reform, so much as mentions the name of Chalmers. Except one or two insignificant papers, such as the "Whitehall Review"—a struggling journal with very limited circulation to whose subsistence Mr. P. Chalmers' frequent advertisements seem most essential—none of them take up the cudgel in his behalf. The effect of his misrepresentations on the public mind is practically Nil, for out of nearly 100 notices of the Jubilee which I have seen, only four even allude to his pretensions.

P. H.

### Proposed New Hampshire Stamp-Collectors' League.

The idea of having a new union of stamp-collectors for this state is being agitated, and it is hoped and expected that the plan will prove successful. The philatelists in the southern part of the state are taking hold of it in an enthusiastic manner, and hope that all stamp-collectors will lend their aid. If con-

ducted in the right way, as seems certain to be the case, there can be no doubt that such an organization will be of benefit to the philatelists of New Hampshire. The following list of officers has been offered, and the "American Stamp Journal" and others of the stamp papers of this state will support the ticket:

President, F. H. Pinkham, Newmarket:

Vice-President, J. L. Pender, Portsmouth:

Secretary, Harry Cole Quinby, Lake Village.

Nominations for Treasurer are in order, and it would seem best to choose some one from a town different from any of these. The following gentlemen have been nominated for the Literary Board: F. H. Pinkham, C. W. Green and Harry Cole Quinby. It has been suggested that the literary board select the official organ and act as executive committee.

Now, stamp collectors of New Hampshire, bestir yourselves, to the extent at least of sending in your votes for officers and any views you may wish to give on the subject, to the secretary pro tem, Harry Cole Quinby, Lake Village, N. H., before May 10th, at which time the votes will be counted and the result made known.

### A Mighty Worker.

He leaned against the tavern door,  
A man of fifty years or more;  
His hat was old, the clothes he wore  
Were much beyond their prime.  
His house was just across the street,  
But plainly he preferred to greet  
His cronies here, who liked to meet  
And gaily pass the time.

And he was saying, as I passed,  
"When I was young we worked so fast  
And worked so long, from first to last.  
We fairly made things rattle;  
I used to rise at break of day  
And work till midnight making hay  
Without a minute of delay  
Except to feed the cattle.

"And when the evening's work was done,  
Before the rising of the sun  
I'd saw two cords of wood for fun—  
'Twas quite a relaxation.  
And that is how we used to do;  
But workers now are very few,—  
They are a fearful lazy crew,  
The rising generation."

And while he spoke these words so sore  
His wife came from the kitchen door  
And cleaned and swept the stable floor,  
And hung her washing on the line,  
And sawed and split some wood up fine.  
And drew some water from the well:  
Then loudly rang a jingling bell  
To call him home to dinner.  
And as he went I heard him say:  
"If these young men we have today  
Were made to work instead of play  
And didn't fool their time away,  
They'd be a good deal thinner."

LAWRENCE LANGTON.



### Chicago Philatelic Society Reports.

Meetings are held the 1st. and 3d. Thursday of the month at the Society's headquarters at 8 p. m. President, Samuel Leland; General Secretary, John N. Allen. For full information, address the General Secretary, care of Illinois Steel Company, Chicago, Ill.

The 83rd. regular meeting was called to order in Club Room A of the Grand Pacific Hotel, on Thursday, Feb. 6th, at 8 p. m., by President Leland.

The following twenty-two members were in attendance: Messrs. Allen, Bradt, Claussenuis, Cotlow, Danforth, D'Ardenne, Dilg, Gilbert, Haskell, Holman, Janssen, Kuchel, Kurzweg, Leland, Massoth, Palmer, Pierce, Ross, Severn, Vidal, Wilcox and Wolsieffer.

The minutes of the 82nd meeting were approved as read.

Communications received were the resignation of Mr. Aug. Lueders and bill from Recording Secretary. On motion the resignation of Mr. Lueders was accepted.

Mr. Holman reported in reference to the vacating of our former headquarters and removal therefrom.

Mr. Bradt reported on behalf of the Auction and Exchange Departments.

Mr. Gilbert reported regarding the unfinished part of his work while Exchange Manager.

Mr. Pierce and Mr. Wolsieffer from Room Committee made a final report which on motion was accepted and the Committee relieved from further service.

The following applications for membership were received: Proposed by Mr. Leland, passive, D. Fairbanks, Chicago, Ill. Proposed by Mr. Bradt, passive, F. H. Pinkham, Newmarket, N. H. Proposed by Mr. Leutz, passive, C. B. Sala, Minerva, O. Proposed by Mr. Wolsieffer, passive, A. G. Bishop, Brooklyn, N. Y.; A. W. Ferce, Constantine, Mich.; D. G. Hartman, Orville, Ohio; H. D. Hennings, M. Morganthan, Chicago, Ill.; E. Y. Parker, Toronto, Canada; C. D. Reimers, Rock Island, Ill.; Carl Wagner, Pottsville, Pa.; E. S. Walton, Chicago, Ill. Active, C. H. Geudtner, Chicago, Ill.

The Executive Committee having passed favorably on all applications, the Genl. Secretary was requested to cast the ballot of the Society for all passive applicants and the active was balloted for and unanimously elected.

Recess was next in order.

After recess the usual local Auction Sale was held.

Meeting adjourned at 10:10. Next meeting Feb. 20th.

C. E. SEVERN, Recording Secretary.

On Feb. 20th, the 84th regular meeting was called to order by President Leland, at the Grand Pacific Hotel, the following members being in attendance. Messrs. Adams, Allen, Bradt, Carrington, Cotlow, P. H. and Paul Dilg, D'Ardenne, Ford, Geudtner, Holman, Haskell, Janssen, Kurzweg, Mc Donald, Kuchel, Leland, Pierce, Palmer, Ross, Severn and Vidal.

Minutes of last meeting accepted 'as read.

Bills were received from General Secretary and Mc Abee & Kendig. Resignation of passive member, W. H. Bacon, received, and on motion accepted, as was also the resignation of P. M. Wolsieffer from the office of General Secretary, which has long been filled so acceptably by him. The society was pleased to tender him its thanks for the able manner in which he filled the secretaryship of the society, and also for his efforts for the good of the society, which he may be assured are fully appreciated.

The request of G. Mueller desiring to change his membership from active to passive, was, on motion, granted.

Mr. Bradt then made a report on the affairs of the Exchange and Auction departments.

Applications for passive membership were received from Samuel D. Rumery, 380 Danforth St., Portland, Me.; Howard P. Boyle, 1512 P St., N. W., Washington, D. C. and David Cobb, Jr., Hingham, Mass., all being proposed and recommended by P. M. Wolsieffer.

A vote of thanks was tendered the Brooklyn Philatelic Club for their kind addition to the C. P. S. library, in the shape of "Photograph No. 4" "Moldavia and Moldo Wallachia."

Nominations for the berth of General Secretary were then in order. Mr. John N. Allen being the only nominee was elected unanimously.

The Executive Committee passed favorably on all bills and applications. Messrs. Rumery, Boyle and Cobb, Jr. being elected members of the C. P. S.

After recess was held the regular monthly, advertised auction sale, at the conclusion of which a motion to adjourn prevailed.

C. E. SEVERN. Recording Sec'y.

### A Card.

The P. O. Department having refused second class rates to the "C. P. S. Bulletin," its publication will be discontinued. For all future reports of the Chicago Philatelic Society see this magazine. All subscriptions have been refunded.

P. M. WOLSIEFFER.



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# HUBBARD'S MAGAZINE.

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# HUBBARD'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. VII.

APRIL, 1890.

No. 2.

## THE STOLEN RECEIPT.

### I.

"Ol' Millen knows mighty well ez how Peter Hoskins hez paid the money, but w'en Hoskins lost the receipt, w'y ol' Millen's graspin' enough t' make him pay it over again."

These were the words Rube Hoskins heard as he lay behind a briar hedge. Jake Trost spoke them to his wife as they sat under a tree paring apples for butter. The boy's eyes opened wide, for Peter Hoskins was his father.

"That's the reason pap went to town so airly this mornin' lookin' so glum, an' why mother cried," Rube said to himself. "I seen old Millen drive right after pap, too. I wonder what's wrong? They think I'm too young to know about their business."

He was only seventeen; but a circumstance of his life had sharpened his wits. For ten years his father and this same Jake Trost had been quarreling, and in helping to watch Trost's movements he had grown keen and alert; for the feud had been marked by sundry depredations upon property and prompt retaliations. Before driving to C——, the county-seat, that morning, his father had cautioned him to watch Trost, and this reconnoissance from the hedge was his manner of obedience.

"I'll git the hang of this business," Rube thought. "Jake'll explain it to his wife, 'cause he's glad somethin' happened to pap."

"W'at air the rumpus?" asked Mrs. Trost, taking an apple her husband had jerked from the parer.

"Rumpus enough to put that scoundrel Hoskins in a mighty bad fix. You min'

w'en he bought his place from ol' Millen? Well, he were ter pay a quarter uv the price down in cash, an' the res' in five years. The five years was up a year ago, an' las' month ol' Millen goes ter Hoskins an' wants the money. Hoskins sez, sez he, 'I paid it.' 'No, you didn't,' sez Millen. 'W'ere's yer receipt?' Hoskins he hunted high an' he hunted low; nary receipt. Well, the upshot were that ol' Millen hol's him by the agreement which were that if he didn't make the las' payment, he'd hev ter give a mortgage on the place. He waited a month, an' ter-day they've went ter town to mortgage the place. It ain't right, but it sarves that rascal Hoskins right."

"W'at could a become uv the receipt?"

Rube saw Jake duck his head humorously and chuckle knowingly at his wife. She simply pointed her finger inquiringly at him, and he nodded his head, pointed to his coat hanging from an apple bough, and, leaning over from his seat at the parer, whispered something, when both laughed heartily.

Rube waited to hear no more. Jake had stolen the receipt and it was in his coat. One glance showed him the impossibility of getting it. He must, therefore, get to town and trust to his father believing his story. Haste was necessary to reach town before the mortgage was executed and recorded, for it was now pretty well along in the morning.

From hearing his father and mother talk he knew well what a mortgage was. He remembered only too well how they had scraped and saved in every possible way at home to pay for their farm: how



he had gone without shoes and clothes; how his mother and little sister had ripped and sewed their well-worn dresses; and saw that a mortgage would plunge them again into this miserable struggle.

He rushed down the lane to his father's barn. Every horse was gone. His father had taken one; a hired man had gone with four to town with a load of corn; and another had been taken to the mountain to haul down rails for a new fence. He stood perplexed, but a loud neigh sounded from Trost's barn. In a few minutes he was there. No one was about. Hurridly bridling the nearest horse, he led him to the barnyard gate, swung it open, then out into the lane.

This lane led to the pike, but he would have to pass in full view of Trost, who was still paring apples in the yard. The mortgage must not be executed. He must take the risk. Vaulting upon the bare back, he dug his heels into the animal's side. But the horse, not relishing the expedition, trotted leisurely down the lane. Trost was known as a violent man, but Rube went coolly ahead.

"Law, sakes, if there hain't Rube Hoskins a-stealin' our hoss, Bill, under our very noses," he heard Mrs. Trost say.

Jake was up like a shot, and running to the fence, red and swelling with rage, yelled, "Stop, you young thief, er I'll make you suffer. Stop, I tell you."

"Not till you catch me," Rube yelled back, pounding the horse's ribs with his heels.

A very slight increase of speed was the result. As he turned from the lane into the pike, Rube's backward glance showed Trost already leading his best horse from the barn. He saw that he would certainly be caught, but determined to try his best. He hoped that when once clear of the town, the horse, learning that he was not being taken to the creek to be watered as usual, would travel better.

The last house in the town was at length passed, but, do what he could, the stubborn animal would not move faster than an easy trot. Jake had not yet appeared. "He must have stopped fer

somethin'," Rube muttered, and a slight shiver ran over him as he thought it might be a rifle which Trost was exceedingly expert in handling.

It was ten miles to C—, a long distance at the rate he was going. Many thoughts flashed through his mind as to what he could do when Jake overtook him. Would he dismount and take to the woods and proceed on foot, hoping that Jake, not knowing his real mission, would give up the chase when he recovered the horse? "I wouldn't be more'n a flea-bite to Jake," he said in answer to this.

Far back along the road he heard the faint clatter of hoofs. Jake was coming, and he had gone only three miles. He looked back over the long level stretch. It was Jake, and coming at a wild gallop. "Ah," he thought, "he has his coat on. I was right. He has the receipt in it or he would not have taken time to put it on."

On he went at an easy canter, the chasing hoofs beating louder on the pike. Again he looked back to see how much Jake had gained. He saw something glitter in the sunlight. Another shiver rushed over him, as he saw his fear was confirmed.

"Stop, you young thief, or I'll shoot!"

The threat came muffled by distance and the clatter of hoofs, but Rube detected in it Trost's violent determination. Oh, for a stick. He now remembered that this horse, Bill, never did his best without constant whipping. But no time could be lost to dismount and cut a switch from the roadside trees. He desperately caught the bridle close against the horse's mane, and wildly beat the stubborn brute's ears and face with the loop thus formed, but to no purpose.

Suddenly, he saw a stout stick lying on the road some distance ahead. Should he risk it? He looked back. Jake was coming like a mountain storm. "Stop! Stop!" he shouted. "Stop, er here comes a bullet!"

Many a time in his play Rube had practiced the circus feat of dismounting from and mounting a running horse. He now



boldly resolved to put the skill thus acquired, to use. The stick lay on the edge of the road, and he saw that he would be exposed while picking it up. Jake's most boasted feat of marksmanship was shooting from the saddle, but Rube prepared to act, trusting to the suddenness of the manœuvre to catch Jake unaware.

Nearing the stick, he slacked a little, when Trost bellowed,—

"That's right. Stop, an' I won't hurt ye. But ef ye don't, say good-bye ter your fokes!"

For answer Rube nimbly leaped from the horse, snatched up the stick, and ran back to mount, but the horse, frightened by the sudden movement, had plunged swiftly forward. He was already a few feet ahead, and galloping. Rube felt that he was lost, for laughing triumphantly, Jake bore down upon him. But the boy was fleet of foot, and he determined to do his utmost to overtake the frightened animal.

He yelled back, "Race me, Jake," and darted forward at his utmost speed.

Meanwhile, his father and old Millen, a withered, snarling skinflint, had reached the office of Thomas Barster, a shrewd lawyer, who had been chosen to draw up the mortgage and get it recorded in legal form.

After their mission had been stated, Barster said:—

"Mr. Hoskins, are you sure you have made this second payment?"

"Sure as I'm a living man, sir."

"Let him show me my receipt, then," growled Millen. "I allus give receipts."

I have the first one; here it is," said Hoskins, handing it to the lawyer. "I know I received the second, for I saw particularly to it, but unluckily for me, I can't find it high or low."

"He hain't got none," said Millen. "He never paid the money, and he's got to give me a mortgage. Here air our agreement. It sez he must pay all in five year er give me a mortgage on his farm. And he's gotter live up ter it. This air the entry uv the first payment, but none uv the second."

"But, Mr. Millen, hadn't you better give him more time to hunt for the receipt."

"No, I won't. The agreement sez he's ter have a year after he fails ter pay, and hyur air a month after that yit. He's gotter give me the mortgage."

"In what way do you claim the payment was made, Mr. Hoskins?" asked Barster. "If by check, we may trace it through the bank."

"I saved the money in our house at home, and paid it in cash. I suppose I must give the mortgage as the agreement stands against me. I was foolish for making such an agreement, but it was the only way I could get the farm."

Without further remonstrance, Barster soon filled out a mortgage blank, and turning again to Millen, asked,—

"Before this is signed, won't you agree to give Mr. Hoskins one more month to hunt the receipt?"

"No, I won't. He can't find what he hain't got in one month, ner two months, ner a year. No, I won't. Let him sign it."

Hoskins went slowly to the lawyer's desk, and after a slight hesitation, signed the mortgage.

"We must now go before a notary. We——"

A horse clattering up to the door interrupted Barster.

In a second Rube burst hatless and panting through the door, and rushing to his father, cried,—

"Have you signed it yet?"

"Yes. But what does this mean, Rube?"

"It means, pap, that Jake Trost has the receipt. I heard him tell his wife so, and he's after me hot, for taking his horse, an' he'll be here in a minute."

"Are you certain of this, my boy," asked Barster.

"Swear me," said Rube. He had been a witness in a court a year before.

"No he ain't sure, nuther," said Millen, "there ain't no second receipt, I tell ye."

"You say Trost will be here in a minute, my boy?" asked Barster.

"Yes, sir," Rube answered. "We had a hot race of it. I took his horse. I



jumped off to get a stick, and ef the horse hadn't stumbled he'd a caught me. It was purty close, but in ridin' so hard he dropped his rifle, and then I more'n lammed my horse, ez'll go ef you have a club. Listen, here he comes."

"Leave Trost to me," said Barster. "I know his tricks well, and I'll soon find out if he has the receipt in his pocket."

Trost burst in, and instantly collared Rube, saying,—

"Barster, I want this young horse thief took up."

"All right," replied the lawyer. Then in a confidential tone, he continued, "Trost, I think you dropped a paper out of your coat just as you came in the door."

Jake gasped, and turned around with a suddenness that plainly betrayed he had something in his pocket it would have been dangerous to lose there.

"I don't see nothin'" he said.

"There's nothing there, Trost, but you may just as well hand out the receipt you have there in your coat pocket."

Jake gasped again at the positive tone, but said,—

"I hain't no——"

"Oh, yes, you have Trost, and if you give it up, no questions will be asked. Otherwise—well, it's a penitentiary offense to steal valuable papers."

Without another word Trost produced the lost receipt, which Barster held toward Millen, then handed smilingly to Hoskins. Taking up the mortgage, he held it toward Trost, and said,—

"This is the difficulty you were putting this man in. It was a mighty mean trick, Trost."

He tore it into pieces, and old Millen, growling low, stole out into the street.

"Yes, it were a mighty mean trick," said Trost, "an' I'm blarsted ashamed uv it. Hoskins, ef you'll forgive me fer goin' into yer house an' takin' the receipt from behind the clock, le's shake han's and be friends from this out."

"Take my hand, Jake. I've been foolish enough to do mean things toward you, so let's call quits."

"Hoorah!" yelled Rube. "And Jake,

there's your horse out there, I'm through with him."

"No, you're not. You'll want him to ride home with, and you're mighty welcome to him. Use him whenever you want."

H. M. HOKE.

### Just Before the Battle.

"He is my father 'nd your uncle, Nanty, 'nd he raised us both. Hadn't we ought to try 'nd help him out of their hands?"

The speaker was a robust mountain girl, whose dark eyes and dimpling features were now sharpened by trouble and fear. At her side was a lad of fifteen. His manner was undecided, even timid, and his face wore a perplexed and anxious look.

Beneath them lay a wide valley, with a river looping itself in a great bend at the foot of Waldens Ridge beyond. Upon either hand of where they stood extended the wood crowned crest of Lookout mountain. In the distance was the plain and town of Chattanooga, scarred by earthworks and dotted with the white tents of the Union army. Along the far off heights of Missionary Ridge, and nearer, upon Lookout, stretched the Confederate lines, while below, in the Wauhatchie bottoms, now half hidden by the rising mists from the river, lay Hooker's corps fronting the immediate slopes of the now famous mountain.

"Well,—what can I do Dolly?" asked Nanty, fidgeting about.

"They say that father was trying to get to the Yankees when they took him," said the girl, not answering him at once. "He had some papers with him which he says he found on one of the Rebs as was killed twixt the lines. But this Reb turns out to be a Yankee spy, 'nd now they all make out that father is one too, kase he had these papers. Him being a Union man makes it wus for him too."

"But what can I do, I say?" repeated the boy in a half fretful, wholly helpless way.

"Do!" cried Dolly impatiently. "Hain't you a boy? Can't you go anywhere? You might slip round 'nd git to him tonight.



Father wern't no spy, but if them Yankees down there know'd how it was, mebbe the'y—but no! There isn't time for that now."

"I might run down 'nd let em know—"

"Yes—'nd leave father to be shot afore they'd get here—'sposin' they'd come, which no one knows. Oh, if I was only a man, or even a boy, I'd try some surer plan than that."

"Look here Doll. I dasn't go 'mong them Rebs, on any account; but I'll try in some other way."

"I'm a fool to listen to you, Nant Freeman," returned Dolly, with tears in her eyes and scorn in her tone. "Go your way 'nd do as you please. But if Dave Freeman dies in the mornin', I shall always feel like we've been mostly to blame."

Nanty, strongly moved, clutched at Dolly's dress as she turned to leave; but she tore it from his grasp and ran off, heedless of his call to be heard further. He looked vacantly around at the green trees, the blue sky and the sun now sinking behind the crest of Walden's Ridge, while the shrill chirp of a red bird smote sharply upon his ear.

"Is she really right?" he sighed. "Am I too much afeared? Dolly was always brash and masterful for a gal, but I know she don't keer for Uncle Dave more'n I do, if he is her father."

The sense of shame that she should deem him cowardly was so acute, that tears sprang to his eyes, as he slowly left the spot.

The day wore slowly into night. Dave Freeman, with his hands bound behind him, lay in his own smoke-house, from which his captors had thoughtfully removed every pound of his own bacon. Dolly and Nanty had been allowed to see him but once since his sentence to death by court-martial that very morning. General Bragg, the Confederate commander was, at that time, very severe with spys and deserters. So swiftly and surely were they dealt with, that the officer in charge bade him hope for no mercy and excused himself, by saying:

"I'm sorry for you. It may be as you say. If you were not a Union man mebbe they'd a let you off but, as it is, I'll have to do my duty."

"No one blames ye as I know on," returned Freeman, sternly. "If your leaders choose to murder an innocent man that's their look-out. But, if you reely feel sorry, 'spose ye git out'n here 'nd leave me in peace till the time comes for me to be drug out."

So saying, the rugged old mountaineer coolly turned his back upon the officer, who, shrugging his shoulders, left the room. At the door he charged the sentry "to keep his eye peeled," walked over to the main cabin before which the men under his charge had stacked their arms.

The night was cloudy and very dark. There was no wind. The still air was vocal with the croak of frogs down in the bottoms, and the rasping cry of the katydids upon the mountain. A thousand fires dotted the darkness here and there, though most of the different camps were too far removed from this detached outpost for many human sounds to be heard.

Dave Freeman was well aware that he would not be likely to live to see the sun rise, yet he slept soundly upon the straw which one of the sentries had thrown inside. He was dreaming, in a confused way, of his children, and strange, harsh voices appeared to ring within his ears. These sounds, unmeaning at first, soon formed into words. The words, growing more and more distinct, at last seemed to pierce his very brain.

"Dave! Dave! Dave!"

When he fully awoke, his bonds were already cut and his arm in the grasp of a strange hand. The darkness was intense; he could hear the slow tread of the guard outside, while the words at his ear still sounded.

"Who are ye?" he asked.

"Never you mind," the voice replied in a kind of shrill, intense whisper. "I'm here to take your place. Dolly sent me. Give me your hat and coat. When they look in hyur they won't know but what it's you, till mornin'." "But, mebbe they'll



shoot you," whispered Dave. "I dunno if I ought to go and leave you here—who are ye."

"They'll kill you sartin if you stay. But I'll out do e'm. They'll raise a circus for a while, yet—"

"Look here, ain't you—"

"This ain't no time to talk, I tell you. I have a rope let down the fireplace chimney, to pull ye up 'nd let ye down the outside."

"Seems like I have heerd that voice afore," said Dave, "but if Dolly sent ye, I reckon it is all right. I'll go. The Yankees ain't far off."

"Why don't you start, then? Time is a slippin' by. Fust you know some on 'em 'll be in here."

Freeman delayed no longer, but groped his way to the chimney and found dangling a rope. In five minutes more he dropped to the ground outside and hurriedly stole away, still feeling that sense of painful wonder which the voice and touch of the unknown person, who had rescued him, had aroused. Slowly he felt his way down the mountain, until he was halted by the Federal picket.

As may be thought, Dolly Freeman passed a wretched night. Added to the fact that there seemed to be no escape for her father, was a feeling that Nanty had deserted them, for she had not seen the boy since leaving him in the woods. True, he might slip away and let the Federals know, yet what good would that do? Her father was to be shot at daybreak. They could hardly rescue him in time, even if they made an attempt, which was not at all likely, as the Confederate forces upon Lookout deemed themselves secure from an attack, so strong was their position. What else Nanty could have done she hardly knew, yet she felt that through lack of courage her cousin had basely left them in the hour of need.

She was weary as well as sad, and dozed in her chair, though with but little sense of rest or mental ease. Hour by hour the night wore on. The stars were yet twinkling through cracks in the cabin roof, when an unusual stir among the

soldiers outside aroused her once more into a sickening sense of dread. Leaving her own little room she passed through an entry into the front porch of her father's house.

Before a large fire, round which the men were bustling, stood a grey-haired mountain preacher. Dolly, pale and anxious, ran to his side at once.

"Parson Cather," she cried, "have you come to see my poor father?"

"My Dolly, child," said the old man, greatly shocked, "is it Brother Freeman they've got? They came and woke me up and said I was to come and pray for some one that had but a mighty little time to live. But I didn't know it was Dave."

"You'll try 'nd save him won't you, parson? You know father. Hain't we uns members of your church? You can tell 'em that if we are Unioners, we ain't no spys."

"True, true, this is all wrong. I will speak to these hard-hearted men."

"Shet your old long mouth, will ye!" said a rough looking sergeant. "The Lieutenant's gone to make his report 'nd I'm in charge of this patrol. The last thing he said was to shoot the spy as soon as there was light enough to see. We fetched you for to pray for him, not to waste your breath roarin' agin what you can't help."

"Yes, but I know this man."

"Words won't mend matters now, parson. He's sentenced by the court 'nd he dies if he had as many lives as a cat. Take this gal back to the house, boys. This ain't no place for her; 'nd let the guard bring out the prisoner."

Dolly, clinging to the parson, pleaded so hard to be allowed to stay that, amid the greater interest roused by the approach of the prisoner, she was left alone.

The fitful flashes of firelight threw each waiting figure either into sharp relief or vague shadow. To deepen the weird aspect of the scene, one of the house dogs set up a long howl, as if mourning the hard fate of his master. As two soldiers drew near, with the prisoner between



them, Dolly covered her face and burst into sobs. Parson Cather laid his hand kindly upon her head.

"Weep not, daughter," he said. "These wicked men will yet repent."

"I told you onct to shet up till your called on," said the sergeant with an oath.

But the parson, undaunted, was again about to speak when Dolly, looking up, saw the captive raise his head, push up his hat and gaze fixedly upon her. At the same time one of the guards cried out:

"Good Lord! This is a boy!"

With a scream of mingled joy and alarm the girl sprang forward and flung her arms around the prisoner, saying:

"Nanty, Nanty! Oh, Nanty! You got father off, after all I said? But they won't—no, they'll never dare to kill you. Save him, parson! Save him from—"

Here the sergeant, cursing more than ever, pulled the girl away, when she faced him with blazing eyes.

"He's a boy, nothin' but a boy!" she cried, trembling in every limb, between fear and anger. "You shan't lay your hands on him."

"We'll see," returned the soldier sternly. Look ye! He's man enough to put himself in a spy's place, 'nd he'll have to be man enough to answer it. The general lows some one must be shot as a lesson to the rest. This lad'll do as well as any one else. Let two file get their guns ready."

The parson tried again to speak and was again rudely bade to hold his peace. Like a thunderbolt came the thought to Dolly that, through her words, Nanty had been driven to place himself in this peril. Though it was to save her own father's life she had urged him, an awful sense of being the cause of Nanty's death, now overwhelmed her like a wave.

"Take me! take! only let him go," she moaned.

But, while the sergeant was thrusting her back, his attention was suddenly drawn by another sound which, an instant later, forced itself upon the ears of all. A heavy, crushing, shuffling noise, as of the tread of many men. Then came a

sharp, distant order that seemed to echo from mouth to mouth, along the mountain side. After that a scattering fire from the pickets and a furious barking of the dogs, near by.

"The Yankees, boys!" roared the sergeant. "Fall in men! Fall in!"

At once, all was in an uproar among the men in grey, who sprang for their weapons. Before they could array themselves in line of battle, a long, dark wave, rolling upward over the mountain's brow, was upon them. Nanty, loosed by his guards, ran with Dolly and the parson to the house. The Confederates fought bravely, but were at once overwhelmed by greater numbers. So swift and sure was the onset that it passed like a whirlwind, with a furore of shots, yells, oaths, groans, and was over at that point almost as soon as it had begun.

The two blue lines swept on, leaving a group of dead, wounded and prisoners, in the hands of a squad left behind to guard the post. The main body moved forward, with cheers, to join in that general attack by which the "battle above the clouds" on Lookout mountain, was begun.

Daylight was rapidly turning the grey eastern sky to gold, when a tired looking man, in citizen's dress, approached the little party on the piazza. With him was the Federal officer in command of the soldiers left in charge of the captured outpost. In another minute Dolly was in her father's arms.

"If I could only find the feller that took my place in that smoke house," said Dave Freeman, as he shook hands with Nanty and the parson, "I'd feel all right. I've been a hunting everywhere."

"You needn't hunt any further," said Dolly, pointing to her cousin. "There he stands!"

"What, Nanty?"

"Don't you see he's wearing your hat and coat? Haven't you got on his?"

"To be sure," returned Dave. "I thought they fitted master tight. But to think of little Nanty, as I've lathered many a time, a puttin' hisself up to be



shot for me. My boy, if I'd a knowd it was you I'd never have clum outer that chimbly."

"Sho, uncle! Hits all come out right, anyhow."

"Captin," said Freeman, turning to the Union officer, "when sech boys as that gets reckless, it's no time to stand back. I'm a Union man; here's my home, 'nd there are my children, God bless 'em! Give me a gun. If I fight for 'em to-day, I'll be all the more fittin' to enlist to-morrow."

WILLIAM PERRY BROWN.

### One Step Too Far.

"Mr. Lincoln, I shot your pig, yesterday."

"Shot my pig, yesterday! What do you mean, Mr. Reed?"

"Simply this: Last spring I bought a pig of Mumford, ear-marked it, and he agreed to let it run with the sow in the woods until fall. Yesterday, I took my rifle and shot it, as I supposed. But the drove was wild, and I couldn't get much of a chance to examine ear-marks, and I found that the pig did not have my mark. Mumford says it must have been yours because you and I bought pigs about the same time. The short of it is, I have killed your pig and now you can have mine."

"I don't know about settling that way. I don't know about that. That's a little too much like buying a pig in a sack, which my sort of folks don't generally do. I reckon my pig was a deal the best pig."

"Very well, neighbor! If your pig was better than mine, and I could not dispute on that point, you know, you shall not lose by my mistake. I will give you satisfaction."

"What sort of satisfaction?"

"I will leave it for you to say how much I shall pay you."

"I don't know about that, Mr. Reed. I don't know about that. My pig's my pig, and your pig's your pig. I had my first pick outen the litter, and I reckon he was a leetle the heaviest pig in the lot. Anyways I didn't want him killed these six

weeks yet. No man's a right to kill my pig."

"Exactly so, neighbor. I realize all you say is true, and for that reason, I have come to you. I didn't mean to kill your pig. The next best thing I can do is to give you my pig, and pay you the balance, so that you will have no cause to complain."

The following week Mr. Lincoln called upon Mr. Reed. "Well, sir," he said, "I have come to settle for the pig you killed. I killed yourn and got it home, yesterday, and he lacks a long ways being equal to mine."

"Very well, Mr. Lincoln; you know I am a new comer here, and have been to considerable expense, have had more or less sickness and have no money at present; but if you can wait a while I can pay you, or you can choose from my tools here in this shop, if you don't care to wait for the money. Here's my saw and there's my hoe; yonder is my crowbar and there hangs my scythe, bought new three months ago. Over there are my corn knives, pitchforks and rakes. You can choose from among these tools, until you are satisfied that your loss is made up to you."

Mr. Lincoln now advanced and examined the tools, while his brother, who had accompanied him, stood leaning against the door post. At length he selected the scythe and snath. Then, assuming a grave, business face and puckering his lips, as if to whistle, he deliberately selected and set aside, the hoe, the rake, the shovel, the axe, nearly all new tools, and had placed his hand on the wood saw when his brother objected in sharp tones:

"For heaven's sake, Jim, don't rob the man! It's no ways likely your pig was much better than his, being both came from the same litter, and run together all summer."

The brothers departed, Jim awkwardly carrying the tools, whose cost price to Mr. Reed had doubtless been something like a dozen times the purchase price of the pig the previous spring.

Mr. Reed was indignant at this turn of



affairs. At the breakfast table, the eldest son contrived to quote the saying, "Never put your thumb between another man's grinders." His father said very little, but at heart he felt that he had tempted an unprincipled neighbor to do him an injustice. He could not think of any command to love one's neighbor better than one's self. Was it ever best to tamely allow one's self to be imposed upon?

As he had told the man to satisfy himself, he would not have interfered if he had taken all his tools; but if he were to live over the last hour he would do differently.

The year following the above transaction, its effect upon Mr. Lincoln was very marked. He openly boasted having got the better of Reed. Frederick Douglass once said, that he had found that those who could be whipped easiest were whipped oftenest. And Mr. Reed, having done one foolish act in the eyes of Mr. Lincoln, was thenceforth unworthy of consideration in any way. So he referred to him as a "milk-sop Christian, a cosset," and a "man who had not yet cut his eye-teeth," etc.

During the year, Lincoln engaged largely in raising hogs. The summer was very hot and Mr. Reed raised a very fine crop of corn. In the fall, the whole family was prostrated with chills and fever. Sickness was prevalent throughout that locality.

One day, when life seemed exceedingly dark, it was discovered that Lincoln's herd of swine was rioting in Reed's corn field. A messenger was dispatched to inform Mr. Lincoln of the state of affairs, the supposition being that the animals had escaped from their enclosures. The truth was, their owner had purposely turned them into his neighbor's field.

"Your hogs are in our corn," said the messenger.

"I know they are," said Lincoln, with a sneer. "I know they are. Tom, go and ask what he proposes to do about it!"

When the message was given to the sick man, it is possible that he looked a little paler and set his teeth a trifle firmer.

He said in a low tone, as if speaking to himself, "If it be possible live peaceably with all men," emphasizing the word possible. Slowly and with difficulty, he arose from his sick bed, and slinging his ammunition pouch over his shoulder, took down his long rifle from its customary place, dragged himself out of doors and mounted the tool-house. Lying on the flat roof, he rested the heavy weapon across the ridge and waited. The rustling and grunting could be plainly heard in the corn field. Presently, a great hog showed its head. Reed took aim. Crack went the rifle; the animal lifted its head, uttered a sharp cry, and trembling for a moment, fell over upon its side in its death struggles. Reed hastened to reload, and a moment later the rifle cracked again. At every crack of the rifle a fat porker fell, never to rise.

The neighbor was not long in discovering what that superb marksman was about. He had discovered, much sooner than he expected, what was to be done, and hastened to drive his hogs out of the corn field. But Reed took no account of him. Crack, went the unerring rifle, and another porker dropped, just in front of its owner.

That afternoon, Lincoln summoned help and carried away in his wagons twelve dead hogs. Probably no man was ever more deceived in the character of a neighbor than was Lincoln that day.

Some weeks later Mr. Reed's second son was reported desperately sick with fever. Watchers were very much needed. Mr. Lincoln came to the rescue, and without referring to his previous behavior, or to the hog-killing, became one of the most helpful and faithful of friends. And during all the years that the two families were near neighbors, James Lincoln's conduct gave no occasion for complaint.

O. HOWARD.

### The Engineer's Story.

Night came down at the close of a dreary December day, in the winter of 1883, and found a score of belated travelers, of which number I was one, assem-



bled in one of those miniature depots (if I may be allowed the term) so common to western towns.

The firelight threw strange shadows on the walls, and without the wind howled around the corners of the building and angrily rattled the windows in their casements. Sleet had been falling steadily all day, enveloping everything in an icy coat, and now, that night had come on, the storm showed no signs of abating. We had gradually relapsed into that indefinable state, half asleep half awake, which sometimes overtakes one when forced to endure a long period of inactive waiting. The click of the telegraph instrument was the only sound that broke the stillness, and as that subsided and the operator coming from his office attended to the fire in that reckless, happy-go-lucky way, of which he only is master, we started up into momentary wakefulness. As he sought his desk he paused for a moment with his hand on the door and drawled out in sleepy tones, "Have much trouble with the sleet, to-night, Bill?"

All eyes at once turned to a rather elderly man, in an engineer's garb, to whom the words were addressed. In a quiet voice the answer came:

"Well, no; this western country is too level to give an engineer much trouble on that score, but back in old Vermont, I used to have to keep my eyes open in order to avoid accidents, and on a day like the one just passed, came very near losing my life."

Aroused at the prospect of a story, we gathered around the old engineer and listened to the narrative, which he told in the following words:

"My father was an engineer before me, and so it need not be wondered at when I say that at the age of 14 I was thoroughly conversant with a locomotive, and had even made short runs under the guidance of some of the train men, with whom I was a favorite. When barely 18, one day the head of our household was brought in from a wreck, bleeding and mangled. The place which he had previously occupied was offered to me, and I eagerly seized

upon this opportunity of supporting myself and widowed mother.

I entered upon my duties, and for some time all went well. My run extended from Bellows Falls through Chester, and thence over the adjacent mountains.

As before mentioned, during the first three or four months of my service, I met with no mishaps; but winter at last set in and I began to exercise more caution. The holidays were approaching and I was looking eagerly to a lay-off of two days which had been promised me. On my last trip the superintendent of the road occupied a seat in the cab, and you may rest assured that more than the usual amount of caution was exercised in my management of the engine. The descent of the mountain was begun about 1 o'clock in the afternoon, and proceeded slowly, as the track was very slippery and dangerous. Encountering a somewhat lengthy down grade, I whistled for brakes and my signal was promptly obeyed. For a moment our speed was slackened and then we sprang forward with increased velocity. In an instant the superintendent and myself realized what had happened. With brakes set the train, resting on the icy track was actually sliding down the mountain, and we were powerless to avert the fate which almost certainly awaited us. Hastily opening the whistle in order that attention might be called to our condition, together we entered the coaches. There were but three cars, and the number of passengers in these was comparatively limited. I seemed to have lost my power of thought, (unlike most persons in time of extreme peril), but my companion put into execution the only plan that held out any hope of safety. He quickly gathered the passengers into the rear car, and we awaited the crash which we knew must sooner or later come. We had now acquired a fearful rate of speed. A confused mass of objects seemed to speed by the windows. How we clung to the track we never knew. I have sometimes thought that a kind Providence was watching over us. Women screamed in



their fright; even children seemed to realize, in a vague sort of a way, that we were in danger, and added their cries to the tumult. Every moment seemed an age. Our's was truly a coast on a grand scale. Should we pass Chester we knew that no power on earth could save us, and every moment was bringing us nearer to destruction or safety, as the case might be.

At last, the shock for which we had waited, came. The coach came suddenly to a stand-still, jolted along a few feet, as if resting on the ties, and then stopped. We tottered out of the car, dazed, but with a realization of our deliverance. Trembling hands and limbs, which hardly supported the burdens they were forced to bear, told of the suspense we had passed through.

With a deep-drawn breath of relief, we surveyed the scene around us.

The engine and two coaches were thrown from the track, the locomotive being almost demolished. The rear car was derailed, but a broken axle was the only injury sustained by it.

How had we been saved? Well, we owed it all to the station agent. Attracted by the whistle he had at once grasped the situation, and as the track was visible from the foot of the mountain almost to its summit, he realized the dangerous position in which we were placed. The road had been repaired before the approach of winter, and the old ties near the depot replaced by new ones, the discarded timbers being piled near the track.

With the aid of the two or three loungers, who always frequent a depot, the operator had hastily placed these across the rails, calculating, and rightly too, that this was the only action he could take by which the safety of even a portion of the train could be secured.

The superintendent knowing that in case of an accident, the van of a line of coaches was always the part that received the greatest injury, had, as I have said, assembled the passengers in the rear car, and so we escaped uninjured."

As the engineer concluded his story, the whistle of the approaching train was heard, and bidding him a cheery good-bye, I left the dreary looking depot, which had not proved so dreary, after all.

GUY W. GREEN.

### He had a Conscience.

A well-dressed man walked into a retail store, in the vicinity of Boston, recently, and asked for the proprietor. On being told that he would not be in the store for half an hour, the man informed the clerk that, as he wished to see the proprietor on business, he would wait until he returned. When the proprietor arrived, the man introduced himself and said: "Two years ago, being in straightened circumstances and out of a job, my wife and children sick, seeing a lot of shoes in front of your store, I watched my opportunity and stole two pair. One I wore myself and the other pair was traded with a baker for food to keep my family from starving. Since that time I have had better luck, having struck a good job, and am making money, but the stolen shoes have been preying upon my mind for a long time, pride alone keeping me from confessing to you. Here is my person. Do with me as you please. I will pay you the price of the two pair of shoes, \$6.00, or you can have me punished according to law. I cannot stand this any longer. Begin to feel better already for having made this confession."

The merchant was much pleased, not only to get the price of the stolen shoes, but to meet such a penitent, contrite soul, and allowed that he would be perfectly willing to accept the price of the shoes, whereupon the man took a twenty dollar bill from out a well-filled pocket book. The merchant gave him back the fourteen dollars in change, and the stranger thanked him and left the store.

Shortly after the stranger went out, the clerk, in showing some goods to a gentleman, took down a box supposed to contain a pair of fine shoes; it was empty. He called the attention of the proprietor to the fact, stating that he was positive



the shoes were there when he dusted the boxes but a few hours before. No one had been near the shelves except the proprietor, the clerk and the well-dressed, conscience-stricken stranger. Slowly it began to dawn upon them that the stranger, in waiting to see the proprietor, tucked the shoes into his overcoat pocket. The twenty dollar bill was examined and proved to be a very clever counterfeit. It was obvious what had become of the shoes. The proprietor was fourteen dollars in good money and a pair of shoes, out.

The next conscience-stricken stranger that shows himself in that store, will be thrown into the river with neatness and dispatch.

#### A Bootblack's Black Eye.

As I was walking down Second avenue, the other day, I saw two bootblacks plying their blacking business at a street corner. One was a white bootblack and the other a black bootblack, and both had got black boots as well as blacking and blacking brushes. Well, in the absence of customers, the black bootblack asked the white bootblack to black his (the black bootblack's) black boots with blacking. The white bootblack consented to black the black boots of the black bootblack with blacking. But after he (the white bootblack) had blacked one of his (the black bootblack's) black boots with blacking, the white bootblack refused to black his (the black bootblack's) other black boot with blacking unless he (the black bootblack) paid him (the white bootblack) as much as he (the white bootblack) got for blacking other people's black boots. Whereupon the black bootblack got still blacker in the face and called the white bootblack a blackguard, at the same time booting the white bootblack with the black boot the white bootblack had already blacked with blacking. In reply to which the white bootblack proceeded with the blacking brush to give the black bootblack a black eye.

The Starch Trust will doubtless stiffen prices as well as linen.

Ivory is worth \$6,500 a ton. It would pay elephants to wear celluloid teeth.

The playing card manufacturers have formed a combination. Sort of a new deal, eh?

It is a curious climatic contradiction that when a man receives summary treatment it is generally a cold day for him.

It is remarkable how quick a man, who never reads the paper, will have his attention called to a little item referring to himself.

F. H. Pinkham, of Newmarket, N. H., the new publisher of the "Eastern Philatelist," is getting out an excellent paper. Mr. Pinkham is an "old-timer," having published the "Stamp Collectors' Monthly" in 1872.

#### The Bumble-Bee Club.

"We am now ready for de report ob de Committee on Constitution and By-Laws," began the president, after calling the meeting to order; "are dey ready to report?"

After a little delay Mr. Gatling, chairman of the committee arose, and unfolding a long roll of paper announced that they were ready.

"Den let us hab it."

"Turn on de hose," exclaimed Mr. Golding.

"Mr. Golding," began the president, ef you make any more sech remaks you will be fined to de fullest extent ob de power ob de president."

Quiet is restored, and Mr. Gatling reads the following:

#### CONSTITUTION.

"Dis society's name is now and eber will be

#### DE BUMBLE-BEE PHILATELIC CLUB.

Its objects am various, de principle ob which am a postage stamp, to be traced to hits origin and hits course to be followed as long as they continue to appear.

"Hits officers shail be composed ob some ob de members, and shall consist ob a president, secretary and treasurer, and a librarian, and any oder officers dat de president may see de need.

"De president's duty am to run de Club, to fine members and to act a general supervision ober de whole affair.



"De secretary's duty am to keep in writing all de doings ob de Club, de amount of money received, and de amount ob disbursements; to keep de Club's collection ob stamps and any oder work dat de president may impose upon him.

"De treasurer shall keep de gold ob de Club, and shall furnish bond fer twice de amount ob de whole dues ob all de members ob de Club fer one year.

"De librarian shall keep de papers, books, etc., of the Club.

"Dis constitution am amendable at any time by a two-thirds vote ob de whole Club present."

"I move dat de constitution be adopted" put in Mr. Geo. Washington. "Second de motion," exclaimed Mr. Thomas Jinks.

"Hit am moved and seconded dat de constitution, as composed by de committee, be adopted. All in favor ob der motion will please say aye."

"Aye!" exclaimed all the members, after which the president continued: "De constitution am properly passed, de secretary will take charge ob it. Am dere any oder business to be put before de Club to-night."

"Yes, sar," exclaimed de secretary; "I hab here a communication for de Club, which ought to be acted on, hits from de ——— Philatelist, and is as follows:"

To de secretary and members ob de Bumble-Bee Club —

Our paper being ob de progressive kind, we desire to obtain de minutes ob your esteemed society, to publish in our "Monthly Stamp Journal." Hoping you will decide to furnish us with the reports, we beg to remain,

Yours, etc.,

"Dat communication had best be answered at once fer de peace ob de Club, and de secretary am instructed ter hab some slips printed ter read:"

Meetin ob ——— called ter order, minutes ob previous meeting read and approved. Der being no oder business fore de Club, dey adjourned.

And furnish hit regular to all papers applying. De subject ob reprints will be

took up at next semblance. Dis meeting am adjourned for one month.

ROBERT A. SHELDON.

### Notes Gathered at the Bumble-Bee Society.

At the last meeting of the Bumble-Bee Club, some hot discussion was entered into over an exchange. Yellow Jacket Pete wanted to exchange a 90c, used 1888, U. S., with Limberger Tom for a 24c purple, 1870.

"Dese yer 90c gittin moughty scarce now, Limberger. Yer better grab hit up shore" began Yellw Jacket Pete.

"Go way, nigger!" answered Limberger, dese yer 24c purple are scarce nor hens' teeth; fink you oughter give me 50c fer boot. Why, I seed in de philatelic paper dat dar am gwine ter be a great famine for dem soon."

Huh, nigger! man wrote me yesterday, in reply to inquiry dat he was overstocked wid purple stamps and dat he was retailing dem at below cost."

"Hold on dar! se man tole me dat dese 90c stamps want gwine no higher, he done said dat you could git dem at de post-office at half price."

"Ar yer gwine to change, ef not shet up yer bazoo?"

"Don yer come bulldozing round me! I'll biff yer one in de smeller."

"Here! you kant bluff me; lemme git my coat off. I'll cram yer 90c stamp down yer black throat, yer little evolution nigger!"

"Don yer call me names, yer hydrostatics nigger! Bleve you stole yer stamp, anyhow."

Here there was a clinch and a scuffle. After some difficulty the philatelists were parted and each went his way, perhaps to go through the same performance at the next swap.

ROBERT A. SHELDON.

### Chicago Philatelic Society Notes.

The Chicago Philatelic Society should certainly be proud of the enthusiastic collectors who form its governing body. Whether the rain pours down, as it only



can in Chicago, or whether the moon shines brightly, as it only can in Chicago, the attendance is always about the same. If Christians were as punctual at their worship as the Chicago boys are at their meetings, ministers would have no cause for complaint.

One fact that is always noticeable in looking over the exchange sheets of any society, and that is that collectors invariably price their stamps up to catalogue and yet will buy nothing without a large discount. Strange inconsistency, but such is life.

After the regular meetings, the *cream de la cream* of the C. P. S. is wont to wend its way to some neighboring cafe and pass a pleasant hour in social intercourse. This is one of the most enjoyable features of the Chicago society. Ah! what a sight it is to see Chalmer's men and Hill's backers, sitting side by side, conversing peacefully together, and not once airing their difficulties! And then the philatelic chat and gossip that is exchanged, the jokes that are passed around, which would be Greek to an untutored ear, but to a student of philately are as the music of Paradise. Truly, those who are unable to attend these special meetings are to be pitied.

JOHN N. ALLEN.

#### Chicago Philatelic Society Reports.

Meetings are held the 1st. and 3d. Thursday of the month at the Society's headquarters at 8 p. m. President, Samuel Leland; General Secretary, John N. Allen. For full information, address the General Secretary, care of Illinois Steel Company, Chicago, Ill.

The 85th regular meeting was called to order by President Leland, at the Grand Pacific Hotel, March 6th, the following members answering the roll-call: Messrs. Allen, Bradt, Cotlow, Dilg, D'Ardenne, Fritz, Guedtner, Haskell, Holman, Janssen, Kuchel, Kurzweg, Leland, Palmer, Pierce, Ross, Severn and Wolsieffer. The minutes of the 84th meeting were read and approved.

Communications received were bills from J. M. Hubbard, Hack & Anderson and Recording Secretary; and also a letter from Millard F. Walton, Secretary

A. P. A. Mr. Fritz reported in reference to our library. Mr. Bradt reported on behalf of the auction and exchange department, for the month of February, 1890.

The following applications for passive membership were received: T. S. Clark, Belleville, Ontario; A. B. S. Dewolf, Halifax, N. S., Wm. Ranney, Chicago, Ill., and George H. Watson, New York City. Mr. Holman stated that he received a medal from J. W. Palmer, London, England, addressed to the "Western Philatelist." It was moved and carried, that the medal become the property of the society, and he turned it over to the librarian, to be placed among the archives of the C. P. S. It was also moved and carried, that a vote of thanks, in behalf of the society, be tendered Mr. J. W. Palmer.

Mr. Wolsieffer reported the lamentable fact that the Post-office authorities had refused second-class rates to the "C. P. S. Bulletin." Moved by Mr. Holman and seconded by Mr. Dilg, that, owing to the discontinuing of our paper, the advertised auction sales for the present be discontinued was unanimously carried.

It was moved and seconded that a committee of three be appointed by the President to prepare and mail a circular, explaining to the C. P. S. members the situation. Carried, yeas, nine; nays, four.

The Executive Committee reporting favorably on all applications, the Secretary was requested to cast the ballot of the society, and Messrs. Clark, Dewolf, Ranney and Watson were declared members of the C. P. S.

Recess was next in order. After the recess, the President appointed Messrs. Bradt, Wolsieffer and Allen, on the circular committee.

The usual local auction sale then took place. A motion to adjourn prevailed at 11 o'clock.

JOHN N. ALLEN, *Gen. Sec'y.*

The 86th regular meeting was called to order by President Leland, at the Grand Pacific Hotel, March 20th, the following members being in attendance: Messrs. Allen, Bradt, Cotlow, Dilg, Sr., Dilg, Jr.,



D'Ardenne, Ford, Gilbert, Guedtner, Haskell, Holman, Janssen, Kuchel, Kurzweg, Leland, Massoth, MacDonald, Palmer, Pierce, Ranney, Ross, Severn, Vidal and Wolsieffer. The minutes of the 85th meeting were read and approved as corrected.

Communications received were bills from J. M. Hubbard, Stromberg, Allen & Co. and general secretary, and the resignation of Louis H. Palmer.

On motion the resignation of Louis H. Palmer was accepted.

Mr. Gilbert reported in regard to the old exchange department. Mr. Holman moved that Mr. Gilbert make a more detailed report at our next meeting. Carried.

Committee on circular reported and was discharged with thanks.

Applications for passive membership were received from C. A. Chapin, Hartford, Conn., proposed by P. M. Wolsieffer.

The executive committee reporting favorably on application, Mr. Chapin was elected a member of the C. P. S.

Recess was next in order. After recess, the 15th advertised auction sale took place, a number of the lots bringing good prices.

A motion to adjourn prevailed at 10:50, P. M.

JOHN N. ALLEN, *Gen. Sec'y.*

### Philatelic Gossip.

We are informed by Mr. Robert A. Sheldon that he has decided to discontinue the publication of the "Alabama Philatelist."

The "Philatelic Fraud Reporter" is the name of a new paper published by Green & Steele, of Crete, Neb. Be careful, boys, that your name does not appear in its columns.

Gustav Aue is taking hold of the "Philatelist" with a vim that indicates he has recovered from his severe illness of last year, which compelled him to sell out his "Ledger."

The "Western Philatelist" will suspend publication during the summer months.

I do not like this way of doing business, but as it is none of my business, I don't suppose I ought to grumble. It may resume publication again, and it *may* not.

Mr. Robert C. H. Brock, of Philadelphia, has just issued a fine book, entitled "Sydney View Stamps." It contains 24 pages printed on one side of the paper only, is finely illustrated, and contains much valuable information on these scarce stamps.

Nominations for the officers of the A. P. A. are now in order. I suppose the "Metropolitan Philatelist" will nominate and support the "Boss Kicker" for President, but in my opinion that is all the good it will do. President Tiffany is good enough for me. I want to see ex-secretary Bradt elected secretary, in place of the present incumbent, as I think Mr. Bradt is better qualified for that office than any other man in the Association. This, I think, is the only change that should be made in the present board of officers.

H. J. MIRON.

### The C. P. S. Bulletin.

The following circular has been mailed to all members of the Chicago Philatelic Society and also to all exchanges of the "C. P. S. Bulletin."

CHICAGO, March 15, 1890.

Dear Sir:

The postal authorities having refused to grant second-class rates to the C. P. S. Bulletin, its publication has necessarily been discontinued, and with it our Advertised Auction Sales—the fifteenth sale being the last we shall hold until further notice.

Auction sales, not advertised, will be held as in the past. Members sending in lots for these sales will please send their reserve prices with them, otherwise the stamps may be sold at prices that may prove unsatisfactory to the owners.

The Exchange Department is now in good working order, and we take this opportunity to urge all members, not already participating, to avail themselves of it.



The fact that it is impossible to continue publishing the Bulletin is certainly lamentable, but as the proverb goes, "it is no use crying over spilt milk." The Exchange Department is already feeling the effects of the discontinuance of the auction sales and filled sheets are coming in rapidly.

JNO. N. ALLEN.

#### A Few Comments.

Now that it is the fashion to propose candidates for A. P. A. offices, *Ithuriel* nominates the following ticket, and suggests that besides its being a strong one, it is impartial.

For President: John K. Tiffany, St. Louis.

For Vice President: Philip H. Dilg, Chicago.

For Treasurer: Chas. Gregory, New York.

For General Secretary: Millard F. Walton, Philadelphia.

For International Secretary: Joseph Rechert, Hoboken, N. J.

Tiffany, Gregory, Walton and Rechert should all be returned without fail, as there is no doubt that these men have done good work for the Association and will continue to do so. Dilg is a new man, but will improve on acquaintance, and Chicago certainly deserves to be recognized on the Official Board. By all means the election of Tiffany and Rechert should be unanimous, for the work these two men have done for the A. P. A. can not be measured in words.

The trial of that libel case in London has been a regular mine for the Philatelic Press, and like the Chalmers-Hill affair is getting to be very chestnutty.

Speaking of the Chalmers-Hill affair, who is the fifth man? Is it possible that all have decided opinions? The time is growing short and nothing as yet seems to have been accomplished, and if *Ithuriel* is a true prophet *nothing will be*.

Did you notice the large number of Chicago members dropped in the A. P. A. for March? There were twenty-three in all, which sends Illinois down from

2nd place to 4th. It is to be hoped that the C. P. S. will look after these careless members and have them reinstated, for surely there are many names on the list that the Association can ill afford to lose.

What a blast of indignation is being directed against Dagget and Wanamaker by the Democratic Press, for their miserable postal cards and inferior stamps. The postal cards are certainly the worst we ever had and a disgrace to the United States. The new issue of stamps is not much better.

Postal Card Dagget says the Public has nothing to say about it and no right to kick, as long as the Government accepts his measly manilla-blotting-pad-cards.

The "Metropolitan Philatelist" is at hand, but there is too much C. B. Corwin about it to suit *Ithuriel*. Better ring off C. B. and give some of your assistant editors a chance to say a few words. It seems quite hoggish to play a game of freeze-cut in the first number.

How much did it cost the youth from Calmar, Iowa, for wind? Did he get sufficient advance subscriptions to pay for his extensive advestising? Would it not be a good point for some journal to compile a list of his victims? *Ithuriel* has never noticed any excuse or apology for the non-appearance of his widely advertised page.

Corwin, "the great and only," is now writing American notes for the Birmingham "Stamp Advertiser." There is nothing like keeping yourself before the public and the "Ceylon variety fiend" is doing it admirably.

Gustav Aue seems to be so busy that he doesn't get time to answer correspondence or fill orders for hinges. Many complaints have reached *Ithuriel's* ears and this is given as a sort of quiet hint. Better come up to the scratch, Gustav, and make your credit A No. 1.

That was a lively trio that left the meeting of the National the other evening singing Annie Rooney. Wonder what the young ladies on the corner thought of the Barytone.

ITHURIEL.



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CONVINCE YOU

THAT I AM SELLING

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Anam & Tonquin, 1 on 4,	\$ .05
British Honduras, 2 on 1,	05
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Italy Segnetasse, 10 lire,	10
Portugal, 100 reis,	10
Portugal, 300 reis,	15
Set Persian official,	20
Set Tonga, used,	50
Set Bosnia, used,	20
Salvador, 1c 1889,	03

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" Treasury 10 var,	.50
" *War complete 11 varieties,	1.00
" Revenues, all issues 30 var,	.27
" *Nevada, 2c to \$5, 8 var,	2.50
" Newspaper and Periodical, 13 var,	5.00
Bahamas, 5 varieties,	.20
Canada 1852, 3d and 6d,	1.75
Brazil 1844 <i>Italics</i> 3 var,	.25
Columbia, 20 varieties,	.40
Cape, <i>triangular</i> 1, 4, 6d and 1 sh,	1.75
*Confederate States, 1, 2, 5, 10, 20c,	.30
Gambia 1-2d to 1sh, 9 varieties,	1.00
Hong Kong 2c to \$2, 15 var,	.65
*Ionian Isles, complete, 3 var,	.90
Japan, '77, 15, 20, 50s, '88, 15, 25 sen, 5 var,	.40
Liberia, 5 varieties,	.25
Prince Edward Isle, 13 var,	1.00
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